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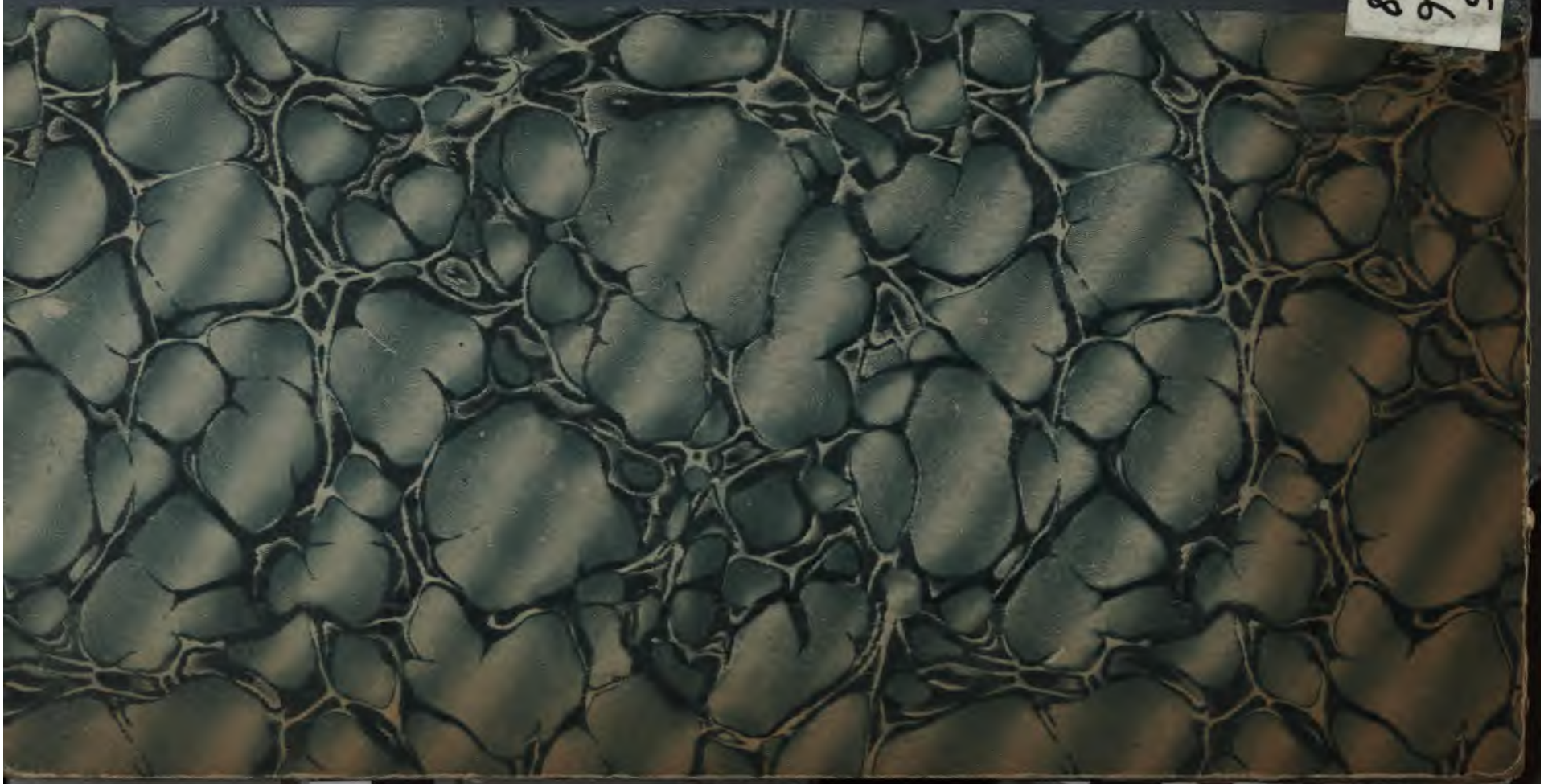

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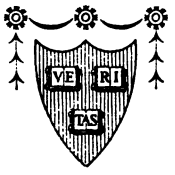

FROM THE BEQUEST OF

SUSAN GREENE DEXTER

HISTORICAL SKETCH

OF THE

NOTTOWAY GRAYS,

AFTERWARDS COMPANY G,

EIGHTEENTH VIRGINIA REGIMENT,

ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA;

Prepared at the request of the surviving members of the Company at their first re-union at Bellefont Church, July 21, 1877.

BY

RICHARD IRBY,

Captain of the Company,

1862–63.

RICHMOND: J. W. FERGUSSON & SON,
1878.

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FIRST MEETING OF COMPANY G,

JULY 21, 1877.

At a meeting of the surviving members of Company G, 18th Virginia Regiment, held at Bellefont Baptist Church (the site of their first drill ground), on the 21st of July, 1877, the following proceedings were held:

At the request of the Committee of Arrangements, Captain P. F. Rowlett acted as Chief Marshal, assisted by Sergeant G. B. Seay, Corporals A. F.Morgan and J. W. Tunstill.

Orderly Sergeant R. B. Seay formed the company into line, numbering thirty-one, Captain Irby took command, and, preceded by the Chief Marshal, marched the men into the church, which was filled by families and friends of the members present, and families of the deceased.

Captain Irby was made Chairman, and Dr. Hurt, Secretary.

Dr. T. W. Sydnor opened the proceedings by reading selections from the Scripture, and by prayer.

Letters were read from Colonel R. E. Withers, U. S. Senator, of Virginia, Colonel G. C. Cabell, M. C., of Virginia and Adjutant R. Ferguson, who had been invited to attend.

By request of the Committee of Arrangements, Captain Irby then gave a sketch of the organization of the company, its entry into service, its war-record while he was commander of the company, with sketches of men and incidents most notable in its history.

Capt. P. F. Rowlett, Dr. J. M. Hurt and Dr. Sydnor, (father of Color Sergeant E. G. Sydnor, killed at Sharpsburg, gave interesting sketches of the Company and its men.

On motion of Dr. Hurt, seconded by Dr. Sydnor, a committee was appointed to open correspondence with the other military companies engaged in the Confederate service, looking to the collection and preservation of the Rolls of the several companies of Nottoway, and the erection of a suitable monument to the memory of the deceased soldiers of said commands.

Dr. J. M. HURT,
A. F. MORGAN,
J. W. TUNSTILL. } *Committee.*

It was resolved that Capt. Irby be requested to complete the historical sketch of the company by procuring the data for 1863, 1864 and 1865.

The Rolls of the company were then read, revised and corrected.

The company then adjourned to meet again at the call of the Chairman.

A sumptuous dinner was duly attended and enjoyed by the veterans and their families and friends.

Rev. J. C. Reed, with assistants, regaled the assemblage with delightful music during the exercises.

RICHARD IRBY, *Chairman.*

J. M. HURT, *Secretary.*

SECOND ANNUAL MEETING.

On the 20th July, 1878, a called meeting of the survivors of Company G, 18th Virginia Regiment, was held at Bellefont Baptist Church, Captain Richard Irby in the Chair, and Dr. J. M. Hurt, Secretary.

Dr. T. W. Sydnor opened the meeting with appropriate devotional services.

The special object of the meeting was explained by the Chairman to be the revision and correction of the Rolls of Company G, which the meeting then proceeded to do.

Captain Richard Irby then read the Historical Sketch of the company, prepared, as requested by the company at its last meeting.

On motion, it was resolved that the thanks of the company be returned to Captain Irby for the sketch he has prepared.

It was also resolved that a committee be appointed to take steps to hold a meeting sometime in August next for the purpose of raising funds to publish the Historical Sketch of the Company.

Captain RICHARD IRBY,
Dr. J. M. HURT,
A. F. MORGAN,
R. L. HURT,
J. W. TUNSTILL,
} *Committee.*

The meeting then adjourned.

RICHARD IRBY, *Chairman.*

J. M. HURT, *Secretary.*

THIRD MEETING OF Co. G, AUGUST 24, 1878.

According to the arrangements of the committee appointed at the last meeting of Company G, 18th Virginia Regiment, the survivors met in the grove near Nottoway Foundry, August 24, 1878. About thirty members were present. Capt. Richard Irby acted as Chairman, Capt. P. F. Rowlett as Chief Marshal, and Dr. J. M. Hurt as Secretary.

The meeting was opened by appropriate devotional exercises conducted by Rev. J. C. Reed.

The Chairman then introduced to the large audience present Col. R. E. Withers, U. S. Senator from Virginia, the first Colonel of the 18th Regiment, Army of Northern Virginia. After a few remarks recalling the special scenes and occasions in which the company had been associated with their old Colonel, the company was called on for three cheers for Col. Withers, which they gave with a hearty will.

Col. Withers then addressed the company and the audience in an eloquent and feeling manner. Many were moved to tears while he referred to the scenes and struggles of the war. He eloquently exhorted the veterans to be in peace as virtuous, brave and patient as they had been in war.

Captain Richard Irby then read the Sketch prepared by Lieutenant R. Ferguson, of the history of the company from January, 1863, to the close of the battle of Gettysburg, and the concluding portion of the Historical Sketch of the Company prepared by himself since the last meeting.

At the suggestion of Dr. Sydnor, a number of persons present subscribed for copies of the Historical Sketch.

Dr. J. M. Hurt, in behalf of Company G then presented Capt. Irby a gold medal*, accompanying the presentation with appropriate and feeling remarks, to which the Captain responded, expressing his high appreciation of the company's unexpected token of its regard.

The audience was then invited to partake of a regular old Virginia dinner, provided by the friends of the company, and dispensed by the ladies of the county.

After dinner Judge Farrar, of Amelia county, delivered a lecture embodying many incidents of the war, in his well known style.

Before bidding the survivors a final good-bye, Col. Withers ad-

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*The face of the medal bears this inscription: Presented by the Nottoway Grays (Company G, 18th Virginia Regiment), to Captain Richard Irby, in testimony of their love and gratitude to him as their Captain and Historian.

The obverse face has engraven on it a furled Confederate war flag, pierced by a pen.

dressed to them a few parting words, full of eloquence and feeling, which will long live in their memories.

The occasion was enlivened by music from the Cornet band of Burkeville, which generously volunteered its services for the day. The members of it being Northern settlers, thus gave a token of fraternal regard, which was duly appreciated by Company G and its friends.

The Chairman made acknowledgement of the thanks of the company to Col. Withers for his address; Judge Farrar for his lecture; the Burkeville Cornet band for its music; the friends of the Company for their liberal dinner; and the ladies for their zeal in enlarging the publishing fund by the sale of ice cream, &c. The amount raised during the day was sufficient to publish the Sketch.

RICHARD IRBY, *Chairman.*

J. M. HURT, *Secretary.*

HISTORICAL SKETCH.

This Sketch, written almost wholly from memory and from data based on the recollection of surviving comrades, will necessarily be very imperfect. But few records were left, and these were simply the first Roll of the company and records of a meeting held to offer the company's services to the State.

Brief and imperfect as the Sketch may be, it will, however, it is hoped, revive in the hearts of its surviving members memories which, though sad, ought not to be allowed to die. A number of these members still live, useful in peace as they were brave in war. They owe it themselves to let their children and children's children know what part their fathers took in the memorable war of the Sections, which only needed *success* to make it rank in the annals of time, with the greatest that ever nerved the heart of patriots or tried the souls of men. Nay, more, they owe it to the memory of those who died by their sides in that struggle, to let future generations know how bravely they suffered and fought. They are as worthy of the marble shaft or storied urn, as any martyrs for liberty's sake that ever lived. Grant that they were mistaken—that their cause was not right—nevertheless they believed it right, and so believing, they dared to die for it. Partisan historians may brand us and them with the stigma of *treason.* Let our posterity read our own records, revealing the true spirit of our action, and know and rejoice that their fathers *were* patriots and worthy of the name of patriots.

COMPANY G (first called Nottoway Rifle Guard and afterwards *Nottoway Grays*) was organized on the 12th of January, 1861. The original Roll, signed in person by the members, is given below. It was composed of men who had, with possibly one exception, no military education, and who, but for the exi-

gencies of the times, would most probably have never joined a military company. They met to prepare for the storm just then casting its shadow athwart the Southern sky. They hoped that the storm-cloud might pass away, but if not, they sought to prepare to meet it. It burst on them while getting ready for it.

FIRST ROLL, JANUARY 12, 1861.

REPS CONNALLY, Captain.

Richard Irby, 1st Lieut.	E. E. Howson, 3d Lieut.
Peter F. Rowlett, 2d Lieut.	Jno. J. O'Neil, 4th Lieut.
Samuel Hardy, 1st Sergt.	Cincinnatus Stith, 3d Sergt.
Alexander Campbell, 2d Sergt.	Chas. J. Seabrook, 4th Sergt.
Archer Campbell, 5th Sergt.	
W. M. Hamilton, 1st Corpl.	J. C. Gill, 3d Corpl.
Jno. W. Tunstill, 2d Corpl.	Jos. A. Goulder, 4th Corpl.
Jos. A. Jones, Inspector.*	J. M. Hurt, Sec. and Treas.

PRIVATES.

1 C. T. Atkinson.	18 Wm. P. Grammer.
2 William Burton.	19 A. M. Hurt.
3 Thos. R. Blandy.	20 R. L. Hurt.
4 Jos. C. Bentley.	21 G. H. Jackson.
5 A. V. Brown.	22 C. G. Malone.
6 J. R. Crenshaw.*	23 W. T. Mason.
7 Branch J. Conally.	24 W. F. Mitchell.
8 Charles Drinkwater.	25 James Reames.
9 W. J. Dixon.*	26 Jas. A. Spain.
10 Jos. A. Elder.	27 R. B. Spain.
11 Wm. D. Farley.	28 R. B. Seay.
12 E. W. Farley.	29 J. M. Sullivan.
13 G. W. Foster.	30 James D. Tunstill.
14 E. G. Gunn.	31 G. W. Thompson.
15 R. C. Gunn.	32 James T. West.
16 T. J. Gunn.	33 Thos. B. West.
17 R. B. Grammer.	34 Thos. M. Watkins.*

All the above were mustered into active service on the commencement of hostilities except those marked (*).

At the formation of the company, the officers and men were uniformed by themselves or by the assistance of their friends. The county of Nottoway bought one hundred Minnie guns, prior

to active hostilities, for the infantry companies of the county. One-half of these were turned over to Company G.

After the company had been organized and been drilled a few times, the following proceedings were held and published:

THE NOTTOWAY GRAYS TENDER THEIR SERVICES TO THE GOVERNOR OF VIRGINIA.

At a regular drill meeting of the Nottoway Grays, April 13th, 1861, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, We have reliable information to the effect that a number of Black Republican Governors have been recently in secret conclave with the President of the United States, the evident intent of which was a *conspiracy* against the rights and liberty of the South, of which we form a part, as proven by the recommendation of a war bill by the Governor of Pennsylvania, one of them, and the immediate passage of the same by the Legislature of that State—therefore

Resolved, 1st. That we, the members of the Nottoway Grays (inasmuch as the Legislature of Virginia has declared, by resolution, its intention to meet force by force!) offer to the Governor of the State our services to repel every hostile demonstration, either upon Virginia or the Confederate States, by the crossing of her border with armed troops for the purpose of invasion.

2nd. That we recommend to every volunteer company in the State a similar offer of their services.

3rd. That we appoint our Captain, R. Connally, and First Lieutenant, Richard Irby, a committee to present these proceedings to the Governor of the State and our representatives in the Convention soon to be held.

4th. That our secretary furnish to the newspapers of Petersburg, Richmond and Lynchburg, copies for publication, with the request that all the papers in the State friendly to the object be requested to copy.

CAPT. R. CONNALLY, Chairman.

J. M. HURT, Secretary.

The services of the company were duly accepted by Governor Letcher, and it was ordered to rendezvous at the Courthouse. After drilling there one day it was ordered by telegram to report at Richmond, on or about the 20th of April. Little did the men think, that Monday morning when they kissed their wives and loved ones, that many of them would not see them again for many weary months. But so it was.

On the morning of their departure, the members of the company gathered together at sunrise in the Presbyterian church at Nottoway Courthouse, and held their first devotional meeting—a meeting which will not be forgotten. It was a solemn and tearful time. Eyes unused to weeping were wet with tears that day, when the men committed themselves into the keeping of the "God of Battle," and their loved ones to the "Father of the fatherless and the God of the widow."

A goodly number of the families and friends of the men of the company gathered at the station, just before the train arrived, to bid them farewell. The Rev. T. W. Sydnor made them a parting address. With half-spoken good-byes and hands wrung in grief by many, the men moved off, watching to the last for the waving handkerchief of some loved one left behind.

Reaching Richmond before night, the company was quartered temporarily at Mayo's Warehouse. The men had scanty rations

but no way to cook them, and fared badly for awhile. On reaching Camp Lee, the cattle stalls were given them for barracks. It is not recorded that having been "stalled," any became very fat.

Under the drilling of the Cadets of the Virginia Military Institute, promoted to be "drill-masters," they learned tactics as rapidly as possible. Before leaving Nottoway, the company had received many accessions, mostly students of Union Academy, of which 1st Sergeant Hardy was joint-principal, besides a number of gallant young men from the adjoining counties, men of education and high standing. It is not surprising, then, that it should have taken high grade at once for drill and spirit.

At Camp Lee, all was bustle and expectancy. New companies were coming in every day. As fast as regiments were organized they were sent to the front. Company G was put in the 18th Virginia Regiment, R. E. Withers, Colonel; H. A. Carrington, Lieutenant Colonel; G. C. Cabell, Major; (the only Regimental Officers the Regiment had during the whole war).

Space will not allow a narration of the many novel things seen at Camp Lee. Many were sad—some were ludicrous—all strange to a parcel of quiet country people. The writer, then 1st Lieutenant of the company, will not forget his first experience as Officer of the Guard. The guard-house was a plank shanty, standing off to itself, with curtains hung around the openings in place of windows. Just before night a drunken Irishman was put in his charge who had threatened to kill his Captain. He was perfectly wild with drink, and was boisterous in the extreme. The Lieutenant, not knowing what to do with him, threatened to tie him. The Irishman, not at all set back, sang out "Oh yis! yis! yis; ye can tie me and ye can gag me too; I've been in the army before, and if you don't know how, I'll tell ye." Seeing he was incorrigible, he had him tied with a stout rope to a post, and then went to headquarters to get instructions what to do with such a customer. Coming back he found him fast asleep, having bitten the rope in two. He let him sleep. He was accosted next morning bright and early by the fellow now sober, but dry and hungry. "I say, Captain! will you not send somebody up to my quarters to get me some breakfast and a jug of *whiskee*?"

On the 26th May the Company left Camp Lee for Manassas. While at Camp Lee, and immediately after reaching Manassas, it was enlarged further by the following recruits:

J. E. Barrow.
R. B. Barrow.
John Campbell.
D. C. Clark.
R. H. Cobbs.
S. E. Fowlkes.
Richard Ferguson.
J. H. Gill.
C. D. Pollard.
J. J. Reese.
G. B. Seay.
S. B. Sublett.
W. G. Watkins.
J. C. Webb.
L. E. Webb.
A. D. Crenshaw.

Thos. Gregory.	P. Faris.*
H. Hatchett.	H. Jeffress,
R. N. Hardaway.	E. H. Muse.
L. E. Hardy.	J. E. Pettus.*
J. E. Irvin.	E. G. Sydnor.
A. F. Morgan.	B. I. Scott.

Making, officers and men, seventy-three.

ACTIVE SERVICE BEGUN.

The 18th Virginia Regiment, Col. R. E. Withers commanding, was stationed at Manassas, to the right of the railroad, as you face towards Washington. Gen. Beauregard commanded the Post. It was a stirring place, especially to new and untried men, who had never seen anything of camp. Everyday witnessed the arrival of fresh troops. War rumors from towards Washington were more plentiful than good bread—or even good water; and a man who could live on excitement had a chance here to grow fat. The first picket force sent out towards the "Occoquan" had little hope of returning to camp without a list of killed and wounded. Manassas was a bad place for troops. The water was bad and not abundant at that. This caused diarrhœa and kindred complaints. Private J. J. Reese, of Dinwiddie county, naturally delicate, and tenderly raised, soon succumbed, and was the first of Company G to give up his life. This cast a gloom over the hearts of the men, for it was the index of the fate of many others.

In a few days orders came for the Regiment to go to the front, and it was a relief to leave a place like Manassas, to go to Centreville, where good water abounded, and other supplies were plentiful. Here we had a famous "night alarm," caused by some scared men on picket, firing at some imagined enemy. Sergeant Hardy got into somebody else's shoes and somebody put the right boot on the left foot.

A few days afterwards, another move was made to the front, and the company took up camp at Germantown, near Fairfax Courthouse, distant about twenty miles from Washington. Captain Marr had just been killed in a skirmish at the Courthouse, and it was daily expected that the Grand (Northern) Army would advance. Still June wore away, and July, with its sweltering heat had come and half of it gone, before the momentous day arrived. On the 17th July, just as breakfast was over, the sharp rattle of the picket guns announced that the conflict was at hand. Soon the sham breastworks, which had been thrown up to deceive the foe, were filled with men. All eyes were strained to catch the first glimpse of the blue-coats. The booming cannon told it was

* These two men reached us the morning of the 21st July, after the battle had begun. They fought through the day, and both were taken sick soon after, and died.

no mere scouting party. The hills were soon crested with glittering bayonets, and the conflict seemed at hand. But our stand was a mere feint. We did not fire a gun before we fell back and double-quicked to the rear, to prevent the heavy column from flanking our little force. It was all "Dutch" to us when *fortifications* were deserted before a gun was fired by us, but we understood it all afterwards.

That day's march to Centreville and thence to Bull Run was a trying time. More than one man never recovered from the extreme fatigue and heat. W. D. Farley and A. M. Hurt died subsequently at the hospital of sickness caused by this overtaxing march.

The retreat was made without loss of men or wagons, but the latter were sent to Manassas direct, leaving us without rations for the night. We halted, foot-sore and worn out, at Ball's Ford on Bull Run, about one mile below the Stone Bridge. After bathing our wearied limbs in the Run, sleep came to our relief. The next day, July 18th, the battle of "Bull Run" was fought at the ford below us. In our bushy retreat we could count the artillery discharges, but, except from the tops of the highest trees, could see nothing. The rattle of musketry succeeded, and sounds of charges, and then the yelling of the victors. The sounds indicated the failure of the Federals to cross the Run, but that was all we could gather. Night came on, and the conflict ceased. What was to come next? The days of suspense and doubt were long almost as years, and sleep came with troubled dreams and "visions of garments rolled in blood." But so far the foe had not triumphed. Friday and Saturday wore away, with constant watching, by day and night to us, who held the outer post—so near the Federal lines we could hear their drums beat retreat and reveille. Saturday night we picketed near the pike, about midway between the two armies, which were separated by a space not more than three miles. On one side, we heard the drums beat "retreat" for a short rest before the onward march of the morrow. On the other, across Bull Run, the lines of defence were forming, and in the valley, the ringing axes and falling trees, and the rumbling of artillery, told of stubborn defence on the morrow. It was so still that the words of command were plainly heard, as the lines filed into position.

Sunday morning came bright and calm, but the Sabbath stillness was disturbed long before sunrise, by the long roll calling to arms, and then the measured tread of serried ranks, and the wheels of artillery carriages grating heavily on the pike. The advancing column made directly for the Stone Bridge, to make the feint of crossing. The undergrowth was very heavy where we lay, and the distance between us and the nearest line was so slight, we could plainly hear them getting "Long Tom," the famous Parrott gun, of the Federals, into position. About nine o'clock, this gun opened, and its first missile was heard as it

whizzed and hirtled, from the time it left the cannon's mouth, till it struck, away over beyond the Run. As the shell struck the ground, cheers from one flank of the Confederate line to the other, went up, and were echoed and re-echoed from the opposing hills. Derisive cheers! They said there were brave hearts and hands, ready for the onset.

Then the artillery duel commenced. The sharp rattle of the skirmishers waxed faster and faster. For hours it seemed that Thursday's battle was to be repeated. But it was not so to be. About twelve o'clock, the musketry began to open briskly away up the Run. It sounded like heavy, earnest work. It roared and swayed, further and further on, as if deploying lines were widening the field. After a time, the direction changed, and the advance was evidently making down the Run towards the pike. What the fortune of the day was, we could only judge by the direction of the guns. For about two hours this heavy firing continued, and then ensued a partial intermission. Just then, the Federals at the Stone Bridge began to cheer, and the cheers were taken up and rolled in reverberating waves to Centreville. A band of music near "Long Tom," on the pike, struck up an anthem of praise, in notes though sweet, yet just then they were extremely saddening, because they indicated defeat to us.

So far, we had not fired a gun, and only a few scattering skirmishers had come in sight. One prisoner had been taken by our men. Just then an order came hurrying us to the front. To reach it we had to go down to Ball's Ford. As soon as we had crossed the Run, and filed out into the open field, our Brigade began to draw the fire of the artillery of the enemy stationed on the heights near the Stone Bridge. Marching by the right flank, the line was exposed to this fire for a mile. In this way, the steadiness of the men, for the first time under fire, was severely tried. Soon the scene of the hottest part of the day's battle was reached. This was where Bee's men had been driven back and the famous "Stonewall" Brigade had turned the tide. Here the "red-breeched" Federals were lying thick, dead and wounded. The first man killed in our Regiment was shot by one of these men as the line swept by him. It was a spiteful act, and he did not live long to repent of it, for as soon as he had fired, Major Cabell shot him down with his pistol. This occurred in the thick pines. When the Command reached the open field, it at once drew the fire of the enemy, then in and around the Henry house on the hill before us. Just then the Brigade, of which the 18th Regiment formed the left, having been thrown partially into disorder from marching through the thick pines, was halted to form into line of battle. This occupied a few minutes, during which time a number of our men were killed and wounded, but no man of Company G was struck. One had been wounded in the advance previously, viz.: H. Hatchett, of Lunenburg county. Of this wound and resulting fever he afterwards died.

When the line was fully formed, the Brigade swept up the hill, in full charge, on both sides of the Henry house, capturing a battery of artillery stationed on the crest of the ridge. This was the last charge of the day, for then commenced the rout of the enemy, made more complete in our front by the turning of their own guns upon them, which was effected by Lieut. Shields, of Company E, of the 18th Regiment, and others. Forbidden to pursue, we could only exult and cheer, as the great victory of the day was consummated.

Crossing Bull Run at the Stone Bridge late in the evening, our Command made an advance beyond with a view to cut off the rear of the retreating and scattered forces of the enemy. Just after we had passed over Bull Run, the line of march was changed in the direction of Manassas, to oppose a movement of the enemy, said then to be moving from the direction of the Occoquan. This was soon ascertained to be a false report, but not till it was too late to resume the effort to pursue. Night fell on us about half way between the bridge and Manassas. Weary and well nigh exhausted by the worry and fatigue of the day, we were happy to get supper, which our cooks and commissary brought us. We were halted for the night at Camp Walker. Our sleep was interrupted early next morning by a drenching rain. Retracing our steps towards the battle-field, we bivouacked the next night near Ball's Ford, after a day of uncertainty and inaction. The next day we marched to the Pike and camped near where the rout of the reserve force of the Federals was greatest, not far from a small stream called " Cub-Run." This stream was almost literally full of muskets, and a whole battery of artillery was taken the day of the battle at the bridge over it.

When the smoke of battle had blown away, and the full extent of the day's rout had been fully ascertained, the fact was revealed that it only required prompt action then and there to have secured the capture of Washington City. The fruits of the victory were chiefly the moral effect and the stores of arms and supplies captured. For many days, the men were engaged picking up muskets. While here, Colonel Wood, of the 14th New York Regiment, was found near a spring in the bushes, wounded severely but not mortally, and attended by a man of his command. He was in an ambulance when the rout commenced. The driver cut the horse loose, leaving him to the tender mercies of the victors. Two men were found dead in the woods near the Pike, on whom no sign of wound could be found, indicating death from fright or exhaustion. These incidents were significant of the great consternation which ruled on the day of the battle.

The next move of our Command was to Centreville, where it suffered much from sickness in the form of typhoid or camp fever. Then it moved to Fairfax Courthouse, where a better camp was secured. From this place, a number of excursions were

made to the front, near Washington and Alexandria. The picket line extended from the Potomac river above Washington by Munson's Hill near Fall's Church, and Mason's Hill in sight of Alexandria, to the river bank again below. A constant fire was kept up by the opposing lines of pickets for days at a time. Scouting parties were frequently reconnoitering. Everything indicated stirring events. In the interval, the Grand Army of the Republic had been re-organized under Gen. McClellan, and it was now larger and better drilled than it ever had been before. But weeks passed by and then months without any decided move. On the 16th of October, our Command fell back to Centreville again, about which time the battle at Leesburg took place. We heard the roar of the guns.

As cold weather approached, we went into winter quarters, built of logs, with rude chimneys. In this place, the Command spent the winter, interrupted only by the skirmish at Dranesville, and an excursion occasionally to the front picket line.

During the winter, several changes occurred in the organization of the company. First-Lieutenant Richard Irby resigned his position to take his seat in the General Assembly of Virginia, to which he had been elected in May. Richard Ferguson, of Dinwiddie, was elected to fill the vacancy. In December, Capt. Reps Connally resigned his office, on account of bad health. Second-Lieutenant P. F. Rowlett was elected Captain, and 1st Sergeant Samuel Hardy was elected 2d Lieutenant. E. E. Howson, 3d Lieutenant, resigned, and Alex. Campbell was elected in his place.

Early in 1862, recruiting parties were sent home to fill up the ranks of the company. They brought in a number of recruits, who reached the Command at Orange Courthouse. In the interval, General Johnston had evacuated Manassas and Centreville, and retired to the Rapidan. This was in anticipation of McClellan's change of base to Yorktown. About the first of April, the Army of Northern Virginia moved to Yorktown, near which it took up camp. The camp of the 18th Regiment was about a mile distant from the town.

Here the term of office of the regimental and company officers expired, and a new organization took place. The organization of the company on the 20th April was as follows:

RICHARD IRBY, Captain.

Samuel Hardy, 1st Lieut.	R. B. Seay, 1st Sergt.
J. E. Irvin, 2d Lieut.	E. H. Muse, 2d Sergt.
Archer Campbell, 3d Lieut.	J. C. Gill, 3d Sergt.
	J. E. Barrow, 4th Sergt.
J. H. Gill, 1st Corpl.	J. W. Tunstill, 3d Corpl.
Wm. M. Hamilton, 2d Corpl.	B. I. Scott, 4th Corpl.
	J. C. Webb, 5th Corpl.

PRIVATES.

Anderson, A. W.
Anderson, W. J.
Anderson, J. M.
Atkinson, C. T.
Barrow, R. B.
Brown, A. V.
Bentley, Wm.
Bentley, J. C.
Bowles, G. H.
Burton, Wm.
Campbell, John
Clarke, J. W.
Connally, B. J.
Cobbs, R. H.
Cobbs, S. W.
Crenshaw, A. D.
Clay, J. W.
Eckles, J. W.
Elder, J. A.
Farley, E. W.
Farley, J. C.
Farley, J. H.
Foster, G. W.
Grammer, R. B.
Gunn, R. C.
Gunn, T. J.
Gunn, E. G.
Gregory, Thomas
Hammersley, —
Hardaway, R. N.
Hardaway, J.
Hardaway, J. H.
Hardy, L. E.
Hardy, J. T.
Hurt, R. L.
Jackson, G. H.
Johnson, L.
Malone, C. G.
Marshall, F. Q.
Morgan, A. F.
Mitchell, W. F.
Orgain, E. C.
Orgain, J.
Orgain, T. A.
O'Neil, J. J.
Overby, H.
Pollard, C. D.
Reames, J.
Reames, W. H.
Seabrook, C. J.
Seay, G. B.
Smith, J. C.
Spain, R. B.
Spain, J. A.
Stith, C.
Sublett, S. B.
Sydnor, E. G.
Sullivan, J. M.
Tunstill, J. D.
Tunstill, J. M.
Thompson, G. W.
Tucker, T. J.
Watkins, W. G.
Webb, L. E.
Webb, J. A.
West, J. T.
West, T. B.
West, J. F.
Williams, W. O.
Winn, W. H.

Comissioned officers,	4
Non-commissioned officers,	9
Privates,	70
	83

Captain P. F. Rowlett retired on account of physical inability for active service.

First-Lieutenant R. Ferguson and 3d Lieutenant Alex. Campbell also retired from regular service on account of ill health.

At this time, the company attained its highest numerical strength, increased by recruits from Nottoway, Lunenburg, Dinwiddie and Brunswick. The officers-elect took command on the

21st April, a few days before the evacuation of Yorktown. The Regimental officers had been re-elected, but many changes had occurred in the company commanders of the Regiment.

The two armies commanded by General Johnston and General McClellan were now confronting each other. The Warwick river lay between the lines now so near each other that frequent skirmishing was going on.

On the 5th of May, early in the morning, Yorktown was evacuated, and our command took up its retreating march towards Richmond. We slept in the outskirts of the city of Williamsburg the first night. The Federal forces followed closely. Though the rain was falling heavily, the Federals continued to press, and early next morning the pickets commenced to fire. This having been so common, we did not, at first, regard matters as serious, but about nine o'clock our Command was marched back through the city to the hill next to the woods. There we found earnest work was going on, and the trees almost hidden by the smoke, which, in the damp atmosphere, hung like a cloud near their tops. About 11 o'clock, our Command was ordered in where the smoke seemed thickest. On reaching the scene of conflict, the dying and dead were lying mingled in the tangled woods. The enemy's line gave back, as we marched in and scattered through the *abatis* of fallen trees, on the edge of which we halted and waged a sharp-shooting contest for hours. When relieved in the evening by another command, we took position as reserves on the ground where the Federals that morning had unslung knapsacks, which were now piled regularly in line. Numbed and chilled by the drenching rain, as we were, these afforded a great relief, as they were well packed with new blankets and rubber cloths, the very things we needed. Night found us on the field hungry and wet, and begrimed with powder. We began to move back to the city about nine o'clock. It was a frightful night. The wounded men and horses were groaning most piteously on the wet ground as we left the field.

Company G escaped without a wound, but some of the other companies of our Regiment were considerably cut up, especially Company C, the other company from Nottoway. When we reached Williamsburg, the mud in the street was knee-deep, and the sidewalks cut up by the wagons and artillery. Notwithstanding this, we had to remain in the street for hours. We could not lie down nor sit down for the mud, so we had to stand, without food still, as we had been since early dawn. This dreadful condition lasted till about 1 o'clock next morning, when we reached the old College campus, where a few of the more fortunate ones got a little coffee, after which we resumed the slow night march through the mud. This was the dreariest night we had had so far, and possibly the dreariest of the war, About ten o'clock next morning, we halted to rest and eat, as weary, muddy a company as ever the sun shone on. We had made about ten

miles. For over twenty-four hours we had had no rest, and been under fire, more or less, for eight of the twenty-four hours, and many had been without food during that time. Now we were too tired to sleep or to cook rations. Still not one had been hurt, and all had escaped capture.

After resting till about 4 o'clock that evening, we again began the march. We reached Barhamsville about sunset; then bearing to the left, we entered a swamp, in which we wound a devious way, till we got so worn out that we dropped down and slept where we dropped. It was so dark that we could only distinguish each other by the voice. Next morning found us near an opening, where order was evolved out of chaos. This was a day of comparative rest. Having crossed the Chickahominy at Jordan's Ford, we slept that night—the first for three nights. In five days and nights we marched for three nights and fought one battle. At the end of this time, we found all safe. The Federal gunboats were on both flanks, and their superior numbers following up the rear, but as yet our line had not been broken. Halting a short time at a church about six miles below Richmond, we rested a few days, and then took up camp on the outskirts of the city on the Mechanicksville Pike. Here we rested, free from picket duty, till the battle of *Seven Pines;* the first of the great battles near Richmond. This was on the 31st day of May.

The preceding night had been one of great storm. The streams were flooded. Early in the morning, we were aroused to march to the battle-field, about seven miles distant from camp. Crossing Gillie's Creek, we reached the Williamsburg road, where we were halted several hours, it was said, for Huger's division, who were to open the battle. About ten o'clock they came with their wagons, and dressed as if for dress parade, apparently unconscious of the serious muddy work ahead of them that day. Their delay was a drawback to success, according to the plan of the battle. We were held in reserve all that day and slept on the field that night, near the York River Railroad track. The first day had been only a partial success, followed by a severe repulse of our forces in the evening, in which General Johnston himself was severely wounded. The next morning very early we were moved forward to relieve the command, which had been under fire the day before, at a point where the battle had been very hot. Here were splintered trees and dead horses, and dead men lying in confusion, where our infantry charged the redoubts of the Federals and took them by storm. It was an awful scene. But this morning all was as still as death. Deserted camps, with kettles hanging over the half-burnt fagots, and sutler's stores scattered around in tempting profusion told of the suddenness of the attack of the day before. Nothing but discipline prevented an indiscriminate rush for these supplies by the men, who had had no breakfast that morning.

While enjoying these good things, suddenly a volley of musketry near by announced the opening of the second day's battle. The smoke, as it curled up through the damp trees, told where the enemy lay. In an instant, the whole line was wheeled to the left and marched in line of battle towards the thickest firing, almost in our rear, on the Nine-Mile road. The camp alluded to was at the intersection of this road with the Williamsburg road. We soon reached an abatis, and on the further side there were armed men, whether friends or foes was not plain in the murky morning. They seemed to be doubtful, too, for we were in their rear—that is, they were between us and Richmond. An officer hallooed to us to show our colors, and our Colonel directed the color-bearer to do so. As he did, we received a volley from them. Then, quick as thought, the command *Forward!* was given, and away we went through the fallen trees and brush, creeping under and jumping over, till the further border was reached. Here we found no enemy; they had fallen back into the railroad cut not far distant. Our company was protected by the pines from their fire, but other companies were not so fortunate, and consequently suffered severely. Among others, Lieut. Col. Carrington was wounded. Sharp shooting was kept up for some time, and then our line was subsequently formed in the Nine-Mile road, running nearly parallel with the railroad. The enemy seeing this, made an advance through the abatis, but our men having long-range guns gave them such a warm reception that they soon fell back and the battle virtually ceased. The men during the day acted with conspicuous bravery, and delivered their fire as coolly as if they had been firing at a target. We slept that night in a swamp near by, and the next day returned to camp.

We only remained in that camp one night, moving next day to the Williamsburg road, where we took up camp, in which we remained till the seven days' battle commenced. Here camp fever broke out again. E. W. Farley, one of the strongest and best soldiers of the Company, died. The captain of the Company also was taken with fever and was carried home.

THE BATTLES AROUND RICHMOND.

Up to this time, Company G had had but one man wounded, though it had always carried its full quota into battle. A period in its history now came when this was to be sadly reversed. On the 25th day of June the battles began. General Lee, now in command, had determined to drive the invader from his native soil. This movement was by turning the enemy's right flank and striking his rear. Company G went into battle on the second day at Gaines' Mill. The Federals had given back slowly, contesting

every foot of ground until they reached a high bluff, where the ridge broke off suddenly near the Chickahominy, having a deep ditch and stream on its upper side. Up the river, there was a wide, open field, through which alone they could be approached by our brigade. The enemy's fire swept this field and the cover where our men lay for awhile, on its upper edge. Even here the carnage commenced. E. C. Orgain and his brother Thomas were killed in a few feet of each other—the first of our men to die in battle—two brothers of the three—

"They were lovely and pleasant in their lives,
And in their death they were not divided."

The Regiment charged across the field—Company G under command of Lieutenant Hardy. He was soon borne from the field with his arm shot near the shoulder, by an explosive ball, which caused him to lose it. The Brigade Commander, General Pickett, and Colonel Withers were severely wounded early in the charge. When at last the survivors reached the ditch at the foot of the hill, they were sadly decimated, but on and up they went, till from its summit the stars and bars waved in triumph in sight of the scattered and flying foe. The closing struggle occurred just before night. The Federals attempted to regain the hill by a cavalry charge, which, however, proved abortive.

A great victory had been achieved, in which Company G had borne a conspicuous part, but few were left next morning to answer roll-call. In addition to the Orgains, named above, C. D. Pollard and R. B. Grammer were killed, and J. H. Farley, Wm. Bentley and T. J. Gunn mortally wounded. 1st Sergeant R. B. Seay was very severely wounded, and many others. The remnant had hardly time to bury their dead before they were hurried on to another deadly conflict. At Frazier's farm they had to meet again the sullen, retiring foe. The company in this battle was under command of Sergt. Muse, assisted by Ex-Lieutenant Ferguson, all the other officers having been wounded or disabled. While Corporal J. H. Gill, Chief of the Ambulance Corps, was bearing from the field his wounded brother J. C. Gill he was shot down. C. G. Malone was mortally wounded; Sergeant Muse and R. Ferguson were slightly wounded. Out of forty-five men who went into these battles only six men came out unhurt. The survivors did all they could to find the bodies of their fallen comrades, but several sleep in unknown graves on the field or in Oakwood Cemetery.

The Captain of the Company, who had been confined at home, sick with camp-fever, hurrying back before he had recovered, found but a small remnant of the number he had left behind a few days before, and these were weary and worn with constant fighting and watching, and saddened by the loss of so many brave comrades. To him it was sad indeed. He had left a large company of young, brave men, and now only a handfull were left,

and some of these were sick and likely to die. A number were pining away in the hospitals—some to die and some to spend weary days or months—some with bodies maimed for life. After visiting the wounded and sick, he proceeded, as fast as his feeble condition would allow, to gather together the convalescent and re-organize the company, in the month succeeding the battles around Richmond. The camp was on the Darbytown road, about four miles from Richmond.

First Lieutenant Samuel Hardy having been disabled for life, by loss of his arm, and 2d Lieutenant Jno. E. Irvin disabled by wound and disease, they resigned, and their places were filled by Archer Campbell, 1st Lieutenant and E. H. Muse, 2d Lieutenant. While the Company was in camp at Darbytown, private S. W. Cobbs died of disease at home.

FIRST MARYLAND CAMPAIGN.

The scene of war having been shifted again to the Rapidan, the company, with General Lee's army, was ordered to march. Leaving Richmond on the 10th of August, 1862, it reached Gordonsville, Va., the same evening, and camped that night near the town. The Roll of the company showed its strength to be 33 officers and men, several of them not fit for duty.

The object of the campaign seemed mysterious to the uninitiated. Jackson had just fought the battle of Cedar Run, in Culpeper county, and was manœuvring in that direction still, whether offensively or defensively it was not known. After marching and counter-marching in the neighborhood of Gordonsville for some days, we moved towards the Rapidan and camped near Raccoon Ford. Crossing the river at that place, we moved in the direction of Kelly's Ford, on the Rappahannock, where there was some skirmishing with the Federals under their new Commander, General Pope, with "Headquarters in the Saddle." Camping near Stevensburg, above, we went next day to Brandy Station, and laid in "line of battle" all day. At the railroad bridge over the river a heavy artillery battle was raging. The bridge was burned in the evening. Moving higher up, we crossed the river at Beverley's Ford, near which we camped one night. Next day a forced march was made which took us through Orleans and Salem, bringing us to the "Plains" on the railroad, that night about one o'clock. Halting in a large field of timothy grass, we dropped down and slept till morning. This place was near "Thoroughfare Gap," in Bull Run mountain. Here Dick Ferguson overtook us in time for the threatened conflict. We slept on the railroad track Thursday night in the Gap, where a conflict for its possession had occurred the morning before. Next morning, bright and early, we pressed by New Market, down the Pike, towards the old Manassas battle field, where Jack-

son had been bewildering the Federals for several days. As far as the eye could reach, deploying columns were in view, stretching farther and farther across the field, and the artillery stationed near Buckland, on the Pike, were throwing shell in rapid succession beyond into the Federal lines. Our command formed to the right of the Pike.

The company had left Richmond on the 10th of August with 33 men. When the line was formed, after nearly twenty days of marching, not a man was missing, but one, W. F. Mitchell, discharged from being over age. This fact showed a discipline seldom attained and never surpassed.

All day Friday, the 29th, we lay in line of battle, while a heavy battle was raging in front. To the left, the artillery continued all day to shake the earth with almost unbroken cannonading. At night we were moved by the left flank across the Pike into an orchard and corn-field, where the battle had been raging, for the dead and wounded were lying still scattered over the field As we were moving across the Pike a squadron of Federal cavalry dashed through our line, firing a volley as they came. They were all captured. During the night we slept on our arms, and were not allowed to have lights. We could hear forces moving and guns being put in position, where the enemy were posting their lines for the morrow's conflict. The next morning before light our command was moved back to the position it held the day previous. Early in the day it was moved again farther to the right, passing Federal field-hospitals, showing that their lines had given back. Taking position in the valley of a small stream, we laid in reserve till about three o'clock in the evening, listening with anxious ears to the battle raging furiously just beyond the ridge, so near by that balls were falling constantly about us. At about three o'clock we were hurried forward towards the thickest conflict. Between us and the enemy there was a skirt of woods, not more than fifty yards wide, on the further edge of which the enemy were posted. As we emerged from the woods we evidently took them by surprise, as they were immediately thrown into great confusion, succeeded by a precipitate rout. The field for a mile was filled with flying infantry, artillery and cavalry. Down the hill the exultant pursuers pressed in a vain attempt to overtake the flying masses. Thus far it was in effect a repetition of the first battle of Manassas, with this difference, viz: our lines were moving in exactly the opposite direction in this battle to that they moved in at the first.

We had gotten to the stream in the valley east of the "Chinn" house, with but little loss, when on our left on a high ridge a whole brigade seemed to rise up, as if in a moment, with a battery of artillery on each flank. Their fire of grape and shell and Minie balls raked our line from one end to the other. Under this we had to change front to the left. In doing this, the loss of our men was very great, as indicated by the killing and wound-

ing of ten of the seventeen officers of the Regiment, including Col. Carrington and Adjutant McCulloch. The movement was completed and the line was moving up the intervening ridge running parallel to the one the Federals were occupying. Just as our line approached the crest of this ridge, Captain Irby was wounded by two balls which struck him at the same instant, one in the left breast, the other in the neck, thus disabling him for duty. Private S. B. Sublett was killed; Lieutenant Ferguson, Corporal Tucker, Privates L. E. Hardy and J. W. Clarke were seriously wounded—others slightly.

Two incidents occurred in this battle which serve to illustrate the spirit of the men, the first witnessed by the Captain. As the line was pressing down the hill, the color-bearer was instantly killed. Seeing the colors falling, Color-Corporal E. G. Sydnor snatched the staff from the dying man's hand, before it reached the ground, and bore it bravely through the conflict. For this he was promptly promoted to fill the vacancy, and he bore them till he was killed. No one ever bore them more bravely, nor ever surrendered a life more full of promise.

As Ex-Lieut. Ferguson was lying in a gully severely wounded, a soldier of another command jumped over him, and stopped a minute, thinking he recognized him as an old friend and schoolmate. He said, "Is that you Dick?" Dick's only reply was, "Go on! go on! and whip the Yankees!". These two friends did not meet again for years, but when they did, they found that they had met and greeted each other *that* day for the first time since they were at college together—a hurried greeting it was.

The company, under command of Lieutenant Campbell, went on to Maryland. It took part in the battle of Boonsboro, where overpowering numbers, for the first time, drove back our line, and but for relief coming up there would have been heavy defeat. Here Corporal B. I. Scott, one of the best men in the Regiment, was killed. At the opening of hostilities he was teaching school in Athens, East Tennessee, where the people were much divided on the issue of the war. Hastening to Nottoway, where he had previously lived, he joined the company, giving up at the outset of life an honorable success which seemed almost in his grasp.

In a few days afterwards came the battle of Sharpsburg, when the courage of the men was tested to its utmost strain. In this battle Color-bearer E. Garland Sydnor, of Company G, was killed by a shell. Major Cabell, then in command of the Regiment, was near by him and saw him die. He mourned over him as one of the most gallant men who ever carried the colors of the 18th Regiment. He was carefully buried on the field, from whence after the war his remains were removed and brought to the family burying-ground in Nottoway. Of those wounded in these battles no record is left, but when Captain Irby reached the company, about the middle of October, 1862, he found about 25

men much worn with hard marching and poorly supplied with clothing and food. The camp was about six miles from Winchester, on the Harper's Ferry road. Under all their hardships, privations and bereavements, they were still bearing themselves bravely and far more cheerfully than a civilian could have imagined. They were not only ragged and hungry, but had attained that highest of all soldierly attainments—they were *lousy*. If this was any advantage with their other experience, they were *veterans indeed*. This Egyptian curse was common to all ranks, for the lowest private suffered under it as well as the highest in command. The camp was literally swarming with the vermin.

About the first of November the Camp near Winchester was broken up, and the command moved down *via* Front Royal and Chester Gap to Culpeper. Burnside, now in command of the Federal army, was moving down the Potomac, threatening another onward move to Richmond. There were indications of a battle at Culpeper, where the command remained several weeks. About the first of December another move took place, our command recrossing at Raccoon Ford, and moving down the Rapidan, confronted the Federals at Fredericksburg. Camping in one of the hollows between the long hills, the command arranged their shelters. They had no tents. But hardened as they were, they made themselves comfortable during the nights of December. They did not have long to wait.

On the morning of the 12th of December, picket firing was heard very early on the Rappahannock opposite Fredericksburg. The whole town and surroundings were covered by the heavy guns of the Federals, and thus they were enabled to place their bridges in position during the night previous and the morning, with little opposition from our forces. Immense masses poured over and filed down the railroad, covered by an embankment. Except at the flanks of the opposing armies, where the hills on either side approached the river, the field between the opposite heights averaged about a mile and a half wide. Company G was about in the centre of the main line at the foot of the hills, which here formed a crescent. The heavy fighting was on the flanks, in sight of us on the right, but not on the left. Though it was the seventh great battle the company had been in, it was the first time we had seen opposing lines taking position, and then attacking and charging to and fro, with artillery in full play. Ensconced in our strong breastworks, which had been thrown up during the early part of the battle, we could see all this on the great day of the battle (the 13th) while we fired not a gun, nor did one seem to be fired at us. The wish was frequently expressed that the enemy would attack us, for we had made every preparation to receive them. After suffering the most signal repulse time and again, at all points, on the night of the 13th, under the cover of thick darkness, the Federal forces retired beyond the river. The morning of the 14th was ushered

in by rain and dark clouds, but early in the day the clouds lifted and the sun shone out and revealed to us the blue lines of infantry basking in its light on the opposite hill slopes. Then the former Confederate lines were re-established, and there was a great calm.

Thus ended the campaign of 1862, prolonged far into the winter. Our command, as soon as possible, went into winter quarters, made in the best way practicable, with such materials as could be gotten. This camp was at Holladay's farm, about four miles from Fredericksburg. Here Christmas found the company, after a year of unexampled marching and counter-marching, heavy fighting at home and abroad, victorious on many fields, conquered on none.

WINTER QUARTERS AT HOLLADAY'S FARM

1863.

In January, 1863, Captain Irby asked and obtained from the Secretary of War a detail to service in the Commissary Department.* Since his wound he had been partially paralyzed on one side, and therefore unable to march without suffering great inconvenience. As the feeding of the army was now becoming a serious question, he felt he could do more in a field of service better suited to his condition. He feels that he can take the liberty to say that he left bearing the respect of all and the love of many of those he had been honored in leading, and in whose privations and labors he had borne a cheerful share.

The company spent the Winter in quarters at Holladay's Farm, in Spottsylvania county, about four miles from Guinney's Station on the R. F. & P. R. R. If anything worthy of mention occurred during this period, no record can now be found.

We here give narrative of Lieut. Ferguson. He had been honorarily connected with the company since April, 1862, and been with it in all its battles, when not prevented by sickness or wounds. He was elected 3d Lieutenant early in 1863. It would be doing Lieut. Ferguson great injustice to confound him with what were called "free-fighters" during the war. Incapacitated by pulmonary disease, induced by an attack of the measles in the first year of the war, he was exempt from service—but so ardent was his zeal, and so great his bravery, he never failed to make his appearance on the eve of battle, when it was possible for him to do so. In this way he had been with the company at Richmond, 2d Manassas and Fredericksburg, in the two former of which battles he was wounded. When he appeared on such occasions, the "boys" would say, "Dick Ferguson has come, we

* In this department he was made Captain and A. C. S., in June, 1863.

are going to have another fight." His fighting was done *in the ranks*, with his musket, where he taught the men that a brave man was not ashamed to stand, although he had once had bars on his collar. His Captain, who knew him so well, does not hesitate to say that he was the completest soldier he ever met with in the army, and Col. Carrington so pronounced him at the battle of Gettysburg, where he probably fired the last gun discharged by Pickett's Division:

R. FERGUSON'S NARRATIVE.—COMPANY G, CAROLINA CAMPAIGN.

Company G, along with Garnett's Brigade, was detached from Pickett's Division at Chester, Va., in the month of April or May (I think), 1863, and sent by rail from Petersburg to Tarboro, N. C. Thence they marched to Greenville and Little Washington, where the Federals were in force and strongly fortified. (I returned to the Command at this point, having been on recruiting service for several weeks, with Geo. W. Jones—who joined Company G—and other recruits for the Regiment.)

The weather was warm for the season, and the march fatigueing, and considerable time consumed in crossing the wide swamps. On the march the boys enjoyed hugely the sweet potatoes and scuppernong wine, and occasionally a chicken stew. Around Washington the rations were chiefly fresh fish and yellow corn meal, which was cooked without sifting. In addition to this, we had to eat it frequently cold, which made it still more unpalatable, as the wagon train had to be kept at a safe distance in the rear, and the cooking was required to be done there. The country, too, being flat, and the rains heavy and frequent, rendered our camp very uncomfortable.

There was no fighting save a little artillery skirmishing, during which several members of the company made narrow escapes. A good illustration of the bravery and readiness of the men for duty was here exhibited. Volunteers were called for to go beyond the outposts and prevent the enemy during the night from cutting down a large tree between one of our batteries and theirs. Lieuts. Muse and Ferguson, with twelve men from Company G, offered their services and spent the night between the picket lines, listening to the conversation of the enemy's pickets, and the continual barking of the dogs, with which to us, the little town seemed filled. At early dawn, according to orders, the squad returned in safety.

We were kept in suspense for several days, expecting either to attack or to be attacked.

But one day after a heavy rain, just at night-fall, we took up the line of retreat, marching all night—and frequently in water from ankle to armpit deep; for orders were given not to suffer

any of the soldiers to cross the swamps on the foot-bridges. In two days we camped near Tarboro, and in a few days left by railroad for Suffolk.

The most noted part of this trip by railway, was the display of one of the many pranks to which soldiers are given. The government had a large corn-sheller, run by steam, at the Tarboro depot. The soldiers, before leaving, threw large quantities of cobs upon the flats, and whenever they passed a person on the roadside, they would commence "*shelling him*," as they called it. As rude as it was, it was nevertheless amusing to see men and boys, white and black, as well as horses, running pell-mell, to escape the volley after volley of cobs which poured forth with a shout from the passing cars.

SUFFOLK CAMPAIGN.

We stopped at Franklin depot, and next day marched off toward Suffolk, where we rejoined Longstreet. There we remained for several days. The country round about had been scoured by the soldiers, and there was little to be had to eat for love or money. Our wagon train had to come across the country from Carolina, consequently we fared poorly. Meat was more plentiful than bread. A few peas, which a lucky member of the company found in his rambles, made small division amongst us. We went out on picket duty only once. Found there had been sharp skirmishing and much preparation made for a battle. But after tarrying for a few days, the orders came to move, and at dark, hungry though glad, we set out, and marching all night reached Blackwater a little after sunrise, and crossed on pontoon bridges at South Quay. Here, to our great joy and comfort, we met again our wagon train and cooks, with hot biscuit, coffee and fried ham, in abundance.

Thence we marched for Petersburg, camping for the first night near Jerusalem, the county seat of Southampton, situated on Nottoway river which we hailed with delight as an old friend.

The next night we camped near Petersburg, and thence marched on toward Richmond, and camped for several days at Rice's Turnout (now Drewry's Bluff) on the R. & P. R. R., and on the very spot now used as a Confederate cemetery. Here the sad tidings came to us of Gen. Jackson's death. When the train stopped and the news spread, stout men that were not much accustomed to weep, shed tears freely.

GETTYSBURG CAMPAIGN.

From this point we started on the Gettysburg Campaign. We halted for several days in Louisa county. At this camp, considerable religious interest was manifested in the Division. Meetings were conducted morning and evening chiefly by Rev. Drs. Pryor and Granbery. These were soon interrupted, however,

by the continuation of the march. We proceeded through Orange, Culpeper, Rappahannock, Fauquier and Loudoun counties, to Snicker's Gap in the Blue Ridge mountains, which we crossed, and then forded the Shenandoah river about sunset. Before we could get established in camp a heavy rain fell. Next morning at sunrise we re-crossed the river, which had swollen considerably, and was just fordable by the short men. We lay all that day in line of battle, guarding the gap, but no enemy appeared. We waded the river again that evening, and next day proceeded toward Winchester, and thence to the Potomac, which we crossed at Williamsport.

Here, before going into camp, a sad and solemn scene was enacted—the shooting of a man by the name of Riley, who had deserted the Regiment several times. The Division was formed into a hollow square, and the poor man, according to military custom, was marched around with Chaplain Granbery as attendant, followed by a guard of twelve men, and preceded by the drum beating the "Dead March." He seemed perfectly calm. He was seated on his coffin, and at the word "fire," fell, pierced by six bullets—half the guns being loaded with blank cartridges.

Thence we moved across the line into Pennsylvania, and camped near a little town, ——, until the 2d of July, when we marched up near Gettysburg. The booming of the cannon and the rattle of the musketry told us of the dreadful work going on there.

Our men were in excellent spirits, and kept well together. None of them pillaged in the least, so far as I know. In fact, most of us fared worse in Pennsylvania than in Virginia, because we had no greenbacks with which to buy anything.

On the morning of the 3d July, we moved into position, under the eye of Gen. Lee himself, and were placed in support of Dearing's Battalion of Artillery. For more than two hours we lay in the hot, broiling sun, in the midst of the unceasing roar and whirl and whiz of shot and shell. Some of the men were torn into pieces, others were overcome by the heat.

But at the command, they moved forward steadily and promptly. Company G was deployed as skirmishers, and at the proper time assembled and took place in line. I remember well, it manœuvred handsomely.

As Adjutant, I was in a situation to know, and can testify to the admirable conduct of the entire Regiment—how they closed up when large gaps were made in the ranks—how orderly they moved forward, driving the enemy—and how the few scattered ones that remained unhurt held their ground, hoping, but in vain, for support, until they were killed or captured by the fresh troops of the Federals, that were pushed forward to support their comrades and restore the broken lines. No charge could have been more gallant. And looking at it now with calm reflection, after this lapse of years, I think I may say no commendation

given by writers concerning this celebrated charge of Pickett's Division has ever exceeded the truth.

Sergeant-Major J. C. Gill, formerly of Company G, fell at my side wounded in the loins. While I was endeavoring to aid him and J. C. Webb (also of Company G, who was wounded just below the eye), both of whom died, there was a momentary cessation of the firing. Our scattered men were trying to save themselves from capture by a hasty retreat. I remember to have seen Charles Atkinson, who was wounded, and Ovid Williams, who it is supposed was killed, running back. Seeing, the next instant, the fresh troops in our front, who opened immediately upon our retreating men, and knowing it would be certain death to attempt escape across the open field, I laid down and commenced firing, and continued until I saw it was useless, and the wounded around begged me to quit as it was only endangering their lives. I then endeavored to pass off as a wounded man, hoping to escape by night, or that our reserves would deliver us; but soon the enemy advanced their lines, and about sunset came around getting up all the wounded ones who could walk. I shall ever remember the heart-rending scene of our brave comrades, lying wounded upon the ground, and beseeching Col. Carrington and myself, who were carried from the field together, "Please bring me some water."

Adjutant Ferguson was carried to Johnson's Island and paroled a few weeks before the surrender of the army.

RESULTS OF THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.

It is not known definitely how many men went into the battle. But it is known, that *only six* of those who went in came out unhurt—viz., Lieut. A. D. Crenshaw, Sergt. T. J. Tucker, Privates A. V. Brown, J. T. Hardy, J. D. and J. M. Tunstill.

The following were killed or mortally wounded:

Corpl. W. M. Hamilton,
J. C. Gill, Sergeant Major of the Regiment,
Jno. Campbell,
J. W. Eckles,
J. A. Elder,
H. H. Foster,
T. J. Gunn,
G. H. Jackson,
H. Overby,
J. C. Webb,
W. O. Williams.—11.

WOUNDED.

Capt. Archer Campbell,
1st Lieut. E. H. Muse,
Sergt. Jos. A. Goulder,
Corpl. R. N. Hardaway,
Corpl. G. B. Seay,
Corpl. A. F. Morgan,
Corpl. L. E. Hardy,
C. T. Atkinson (taken pris'r),
R. H. Cobbs,
C. Evers (taken prisoner),
J. C. Farley,
S. W. Ferguson,
R. C. Gunn,
Thos. Gregory,
J. Hardaway,
Edmund Irby,
F. Q. Marshall,
C. Stith (taken prisoner),
J. A. Webb—19.

Lieut. Crenshaw mustered his remnant the next morning, but was denied the sad gratification of burying his hero comrades lying on the field or of ministering to the wants of those ready to die. With the exception of G. H. Jackson, who died at Staunton from his wound, all of the killed and mortally wounded were left in Pennsylvania, and no one knows their graves, if buried. It may be that some of their bones may have been gathered into Hollywood, near Richmond, since the war. Who knows? Others, doubtless, have whitened and mingled into dust on the field where they fell, which now the plow-boy, whistling as he plows, turns over as common earth, unconscious that his plowshare is stirring sod hallowed by the blood of as brave men as the Continent has ever known. We will rescue, from the wave of oblivion, if we can, the names of these dead heroes, and deem it a pious task, proud to know that we were honored in having been their comrades. If victory had crowned the Confederate banner, and we were now what we fought to be, would not these men's names have been treasured, and their bones been gathered, and their praises sung by a grateful country? Defeat can never blot out the glory of their deeds in the minds and hearts of those capable of appreciating bravery such as theirs.

This calamity, with disease, which had taken away one of the

company—viz., G. W. Foster—hardly left a squad of all that large company, so prominent in the 18th Regiment.

The whole Regiment had suffered likewise, and probably did not now number fifty men for duty. So crippled was it, that it was ordered to the rear, and stationed at Petersburg for guard duty, so that it might have opportunity to recruit. A short time after the Regiment was stationed here, the company was detached from the Regiment, and ordered back to Danville as a guard at the Federal Prison. In this capacity it served till December, 1864. The only incident worthy of note during this period occurred during a trip to the famous Andersonville Prison in Georgia, to which place Company G was dispatched in guard of a detachment of Federal prisoners. Having been kept there a week or so, the discipline of the company was so far superior to that of the other Commands stationed there, that a very decided effort was made to retain the company as permanent guard, and the citizens, who were very uneasy for fear the prisoners would break out, went so far as to give the company a public dinner, to effect an end they deemed so desirable. This effort, however, failed, and the company returned to Virginia.

While Company G was stationed in Danville, the Regiment was again thrown into active service, and engaged in the battle of Drewry's Bluff. In this engagement, Lieutenant-Colonel G. C. Cabell was severely wounded and disabled for active service during the war.

THE TRENCHES—1865.

Little can be recorded of the company during its stay in the trenches between the James and Appomattox rivers. In April, 1865, it was moved to the extreme right of the line, then held by Pickett's Division. Here commenced the series of constant, every-day battles, which continued till the day of the surrender. At the "Five Forks," on the 1st of April, a few miles south of the Southside Railroad, a heavy engagement took place. In this battle, Company G suffered considerably, losing Lieut. A. D. Crenshaw, shot while waving his hat and leading the company forward; also, R. C. Gunn and B. C. Bouldin—the two former veterans of four years—the latter a new recruit and hardly of age. J. J. O'Neil and G. H. Bowles lost each a leg, and Sergt. J. A. Goulder and J. W. Tunstill were wounded; also, R. B. Munford and W. H. Reames. It narrowly escaped capture at this time.

Then commenced that dreary retreat, during which well nigh every hour witnessed a struggle for existence. Almost in sight of home, with flanks threatened day and night by foes flushed with confidence, this was a sore trial. The second day after the battle of Five Forks, the shattered Command turned their backs

on their native sod, having passed through Amelia county and reached the county of Prince Edward. Between Rice's Depot and Farmville, at Sailors' Creek, on the 6th of April, Pickett's Division made its last effort, and after a gallant fight yielded to overwhelming numbers.

In this day's battle, Captain Archer Campbell was killed. An eye-witness says he had surrendered and was in the act of unbuckling his sword-belt wheu he was cut down by one of Sheridan's dragoons. A native of Lunenburg county, the son of a Scotchman, he had lived in Nottoway but a short time before the war broke out. A young man of fine character and habits, and skilled in his trade, he had every prospect of success in life. Singularly modest in his deportment, he had steadily advanced from the ranks to the position of captain, which he held from June, 1863, to his death. Twice wounded in former battles, it was his sad fate to die almost in sight of his native hills, and to be buried (if buried at all) in an unknown grave, by the foes he had faced for four long years. Lieutenant Muse was wounded early in the day, and was carried to the rear by Sergeant G. B. Seay, who both thus escaped capture. These two and a few others who were detailed as skirmishers on the flanks, were all who escaped capture. The rest laid down their arms, submitting, with what grace they could, to the prisoner's fate. It was their peculiarly hard lot to be marched by their own homes, through the centre of the county, in which most of them were born. Their families, if apprised of their condition, were not then able to do anything for them. Bound for prison, they left their homes and friends in the hands of the foes they had fought so long. They landed at Point Lookout, where they remained for some time. Some came home to die of prison fever—viz., Edmund Irby and E. G. Gunn; and C. Stith died on the ship before reaching City Point, and probably the Chesapeake covers his bones.

Those who returned from the surrender and prison, found a country in the hands of military satraps—their former slaves their equals, and as to privileges exalted above them. But it was unmanly to sit down and weep. The hardships of camp had strengthened them for the encounters with poverty. Resolutely they entered the contest, as they had done in 1861, determined to win a victory in peace, though they had failed of it in war. Thus they have proved that—

"The bravest are the truest."

Scattered from Delaware to Texas, they are toiling, most of them unblest by fortune's smiles. Three are ministers of the Gospel—the rest the bone and sinew of the country.

The following condensed Roll will show, as far as can be ascertained, the particulars deemed worthy of record, in relation to each man who had the honor to be a member of Company G:

CONDENSED ROLL OF COMPANY G, 18TH VIRGINIA REGIMENT, A. N. VA.

COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.

Reps Connally, Nottoway county; elected Captain January, 1861; resigned on account of physical disability December, 1861.

Peter F. Rowlett, Nottoway county; elected 2d Lieutenant January, 1861; elected Captain December, 1861; term of service expired April, 1862.

Richard Irby, Nottoway county; elected 1st Lieutenant January, 1861; resigned Novemher, 1861, to attend General Assembly of Virginia; elected Captain April, 1862; resigned and made Captain A. C. S., June, 1863; paroled at Bellefont April 9th, 1865; wounded twice at 2d Manassas.

Archer Campbell, Nottoway; joined company January, 1861; elected 3d Lieutenant April, 1862; 1st Lieutenant October, 1862; Captain June, 1863; wounded at Gaines' Mill and Gettysburg; killed at Sailor's Creek April, 1865.

Samuel Hardy, Dinwiddie county; 1st Sergeant from January to December, 1861; elected 2d Lieutenant December, 1861; 1st Lieutenant April, 1862; lost arm at Gaines' Mill; resigned October, 1862.

Richard Ferguson, Dinwiddie county; enlisted April, 1861; elected 1st Lieutenant November, 1861; term expired April, 1862; elected 3d Lieutenant December, 1862; 2d Lieutenant ——; appointed Adjutant of Regiment June, 1863; wounded at Frayser's Farm and 2d Manassas; taken prisoner at Gettysburg; remained prisoner till war ended.

E. H. Muse, Quincy, Fla.; enlisted May, 1861; made Sergeant April, 1862; elected 2d Lieutenant October, 1862; 1st Lieutenant June, 1863; wounded at Frayser's Farm, Gettysburg and Sailor's Creek.

John E. Irvin, Nottoway; enlisted April, 1861; elected 2d Lieutenant April, 1862; wounded and disabled for service at Gaines' Mills; resigned August, 1862.

A. D. Crenshaw, Nottoway; enlisted May, 1861; elected 3d Lieutenant June, 1863; killed at Five Forks April, 1865; buried on field.

Alexander Campbell, Nottoway; joined company January, 1861; Sergeant till December, 1861; elected 3d Lieutenant December, 1861; term expired April, 1862.

E. E. Howson, Nottoway; elected 3d Lieutenant January, 1861; resigned on account of physical disability December, 1861.

SERGEANTS.

C. Stith, Nottoway, joined company January, 1861, wounded and taken prisoner at Gettysburg, died on shipboard.

C. J. Seabrook, Nottoway, joined company January, 1861, wounded at Gaines' Mill, discharged 1862 as foreigner.

R. B. Seay, Lunenburg, joined company January, 1861, wounded at Gaines' Mill and disabled for active service.

J. C. Gill, Dinwiddie, joined company January, 1861, wounded at Frayser's Farm, made Sergeant-Major of Regiment 1863, killed at Gettysburg, left on field.

J. E. Barrow, Nottoway, enlisted April, 1861, wounded at Gaines' Mill and Gettysburg.

J. A. Goulder, Nottoway, joined January, 1861, wounded at Gettysburg and Five Forks.

G. B. Seay, Lunenburg, enlisted April, 1861, wounded at Frayser's Farm and Gettysburg.

T. J. Tucker, Nottoway, joined April, 1861, wounded at 2d Manassas and Gaines' Mill.

A. F. Morgan, Nottoway, joined April, 1861, wounded at Frayser's Farm and Gettysburg.

E. G. Sydnor, Nottoway, joined April, 1861, made Color-Sergeant 1862, killed at Sharpsburg.

CORPORALS.

W. M. Hamilton, Nottoway, joined company January, 1861, killed at Gettysburg, left on field.

J. W. Tunstill, Nottoway, joined company January, 1861, wounded at Gettysburg and Five Forks.

J. H. Gill, Dinwiddie, enlisted April, 1861, killed at Frayser's Farm, buried at Hollywood Cemetery.

B. I. Scott, Tennessee, enlisted May, 1861, killed at Boonsboro, Md, left on field.

J. C. Webb, Lunenburg, enlisted April, 1861, killed at Gettysburg, left on field.

R. N. Hardaway, Nottoway, enlisted April, 1861, wounded at Gaines' Mill and Gettysburg.

L. E. Hardy, Lunenburg, enlisted April, 1861, wounded at 2d Manassas and Gettysburg.

A. V. Brown, Nottoway, joined company January, 1861, escaped without wounds.

PRIVATES.

Anderson, A. W., Nottoway, enlisted March, 1862, escaped without wounds.

*Anderson, J., Nottoway, enlisted March, 1862, died of disease 1862.

Anderson, W. J., Nottoway, enlisted March, 1862, died of disease 1862.

Atkinson, C. T., Nottoway, joined company April, 1861, wounded at Gaines' Mill and at Gettysburg.
Atkinson, C. C., Nottoway, enlisted —— 1864.
Barrow, R. B., Nottoway, enlisted April, 1861, detailed on band from 1862 to close of war.
Bell, J. W., ——, enlisted at Danville 1864.
Bentley, J. C., Nottoway, joined company April, 1861, detailed as teamster from 1861 to close of war.
Bentley, William, Nottoway, enlisted April, 1862, died of disease at home.
Blandy, T. R., Nottoway, joined company January, 1861, detailed in Medical Department 1861 to close of war.
Boswell, E., Lunenburg, enlisted April, 1861, killed at Gaines' Mill, buried on field.
Boswell, W. W., Lunenburg, enlisted —— 1864.
Bouldin, B., Nottoway, enlisted —— 1864, killed at Five Forks.
Bowles, G. H., Nottoway, enlisted April, 1862, lost leg at Five Forks.
Burton, William, Nottoway, joined company January, 1861, discharged as over age August, 1862.
Campell, J., enlisted April, 1861, killed at Gettysburg, left on field.
Carson, T. F., ——, enlisted —— 1864.
Clarke, D. C., Nottoway, enlisted April, 1861, died at hospital, August, 1861.
Clarke, J. W., Nottoway, enlisted April, 1862, wounded and disabled at 2d Manassas.
Clay, J. W., Nottoway, enlisted March, 1862, wounded at Gaines' Mill.
Clay, ——, Nottoway, enlisted March, 1862, died May, 1862, of disease.
Cobbs, R. H., Nottoway, enlisted April, 1861, wounded at Gaines' Mill and Gettysburg.
Cobbs, S. W., Nottoway, enlisted March, 1862, died of disease August, 1862.
Connally, B. J., Nottoway, joined company January, 1861, discharged on account of age and physical condition.
Cole, P., ——, enlisted —— 1864.
Coleman, P. H., ——, enlisted —— 1864.
Coleman, P. S., ——, enlisted ——.
Crowder, J. W., ——. enlisted —— 1864.
Davis, A. L., ——, enlisted —— 1864.
Deshazor, J., ——, enlisted —— 1864.
Draper, J. W., Dinwiddie, enlisted —— 1864.
Drinkwater, C., joined company January, 1861, wounded at Gaines' Mill.
Eckles, J. W., Nottoway, enlisted March, 1862, killed at Gettysburg.
Edwards, L. C., ——, enlisted —— 1864.

Elder,J. A., Lunenburg, joined company January, 1861, killed at Gettysburg and left on field.
Evers, C., Nottoway, substituted for J. C. Smith 1862, wounded and taken prisoner at Gettysburg.
Farley, J. C., Nottoway, enlisted March, 1862, wounded at Gettysburg.
Farley, E. W., Nottoway, joined company January, 1861, died of disease June, 1862.
Farley, J. H., Nottoway, enlisted March, 1862, died of wounds received at Frayser's Farm.
Farley, W. D., Nottoway, joined company January, 1861, died of disease in hospital August, 1861.
Faris, P., Brunswick, joined company July 21, 1861, died of disease at home August, 1861.
Ferguson, S. W., Dinwiddie, transferred to company August, 1862, wounded at Five Forks.
Foster, H. H., Dinwiddie, transferred to company August, 1862, killed at Gettysburg and left on field.
Foster, G. W., Nottoway, joined company January, 1861, died of disease 1863.
Fowlkes, S. E., Nottoway, enlisted April, 1861, discharged on account of physical disability.
Fowlkes, W., enlisted —— 1864, wounded at Five Forks.
Grammer, W. P., Nottoway, joined company January, 1861, discharged on account of physical disability May, 1861.
Grammer, R. B., Nottoway, joined company January, 1861, killed at Gaines' Mill.
Gilliam, W. M., ——, enlisted —— 1864.
Gregory, Thomas, Lunenburg, enlisted April, 1861, disabled by wound at Gettysburg.
Gunn, E. G., Nottoway, joined company January, 1861, died of prison disease May, 1865.
Gunn, R. C., Nottoway, joined company January, 1861, wounded at Gettysburg and killed at Five Forks.
Gunn, T. J., Nottoway, joined company January, 1861, killed at Gettysburg.
Hammersley, ——, Charlotte, enlisted March, 1862, died of disease 1862.
Hardaway, I. H., Nottoway, enlisted March, 1862, drowned on his way to hospital.
Hardaway, J. W., Nottoway, enlisted March, 1862, wounded at Gaines' Mill and Gettysburg.
Hardy, J. T., Lunenburg, enlisted March, 1862.
Hill, J. J., ——, enlisted —— 1874.
Hite, F. B., Nottoway, enlisted March, 1862.
Hudson, L., Lunenburg, enlisted 1864, wounded at Five Forks.
Hurt, A. M., Nottoway, joined company January, 1861, died of disease August, 1861.
Hurt, J. M., Nottoway, joined company January, 1861, detailed May, 1861, as physician at home.

Hurt, R. L., Nottoway, joined company January, 1861, discharged by substitution May, 1862, re-entered service 1864.
Hatchett, H., Lunenburg, enlisted April, 1861, wounded at 1st Manassas, and died of disease August, 1861.
Irby, Edmund, Lunenburg, enlisted December, 1862, wounded at Gettysburg, died of prison disease May, 1865.
Jackson, G. H., Nottoway, joined company Jan., 1861, wounded at Gaines' Mill, and mortally at Gettysburg.
Jeffress, H., Nottoway, enlisted May, 1861, transferred to Company C, and disabled at Williamsburg.
Jeter, W., Lunenburg, enlisted —— 1864.
Johnson, L., Nottoway, enlisted March, 1862, wounded at Gaines' Mill.
Johnson, J. T., Nottoway, enlisted —— 1864.
Johnson, J. W., ——, enlisted —— 1864.
Jones, G. W., Dinwiddie, enlisted —— 1863, died in 1865.
Leath, G. W., Nottoway, enlisted —— 1864, wounded at Five Forks.
Leathers, W. J., ——, enlisted —— 1864.
Malone, C. G., Nottoway, joined company January, 1861, mortally wounded at Frayser's Farm.
Marshall, F. Q., Nottoway, enlisted March, 1862, wounded at Gaines' Mill and Gettysburg.
Mason, W. T., Nottoway, joined company January, 1861, discharged June, 1861, on account of health.
Mason, Wm., Nottoway, enlisted March, 1862, died of disease in 1862.
Mitchell, W. F., Nottoway, joined company January, 1861, discharged as over age 1862.
Moore, G. W., ——, enlisted —— 1864.
Mumford, R. B., Nottoway, enlisted —— 1864, wounded at Sailor's Creek.
Neal, S., Lunenburg, enlisted April, 1861, discharged as unfit for service.
O'Neal, J. J., Nottoway, joined January, 1861, 4th Lieut. till service commenced, lost leg at Five Forks.
Orgain, E. C., Lunenburg, enlisted March, 1862, killed at Gaines' Mill, first victim.
Orgain, T. A., Lunenburg, enlisted March, 1862, killed at Gaines' Mill, second victim.
Orgain, J., Lunenburg, enlisted March, 1862, transferred to Lunenburg cavalry and killed in 1862.
Overby, H., Brunswick, enlisted March, 1862, killed at Gettysburg.
Pettus, J. E., Nottoway, enlisted July 21, 1861, died of disease August, 1861.
Phelps, W. C., ——, enlisted —— 1864.
Pollard, C. D., Nottoway, enlisted April, 1861, killed at Gaines' Mill.

Reames, J., Nottoway, joined company January, 1861, wounded at 2d Manassas.
Reames, W. H., Nottoway, enlisted March, 1862, wounded at Five Forks.
Reese, J. J., Dinwiddie, enlisted April, 1861, died at Manassas June, 1861.
Russell, B., ——; enlisted —— 1864.
Smith, J. C., Brunswick, enlisted March, 1862, substituted by C. Evers, 1863.
Spain, J. A., Nottoway, joined company January, 1861, wounded at Gaines' Mill.
Spain, R. B., Nottoway, joined company January, 1861.
Sublett, S. B., Nottoway, enlisted May, 1861, killed at 2d Manassas.
Sullivan, J. M., Nottoway, joined company January, 1861, disabled by wound at Gaines' Mill.
Thompson, G. W., Nottoway, joined company January, 1861, disabled by wound at Gaines' Mill.
Tunstill, J. D., Nottoway, joined company January, 1861, escaped without wounds.
Tunstill, J. M., Nottoway, enlisted April, 1862, wounded at Boonsboro.
Waddill, J. T., ——, enlisted —— 1864.
Waddill, W. F., ——, enlisted —— 1864.
Watkins, W. G., Nottoway, joined company January, 1861, discharged on account of age August, 1862.
Watkins, T. M., Nottoway, joined company January, 1861, discharged on account of unfitness for service.
Webb, J. A., Lunenburg, enlisted April, 1862, wounded at Gettysburg.
Webb, L. E., Lunenburg, enlisted April, 1861, wounded at Boonsboro and Sharpsburg.
West, J. F., Nottoway, enlisted March, 1862.
West, J. T., Nottoway, joined company January, 1861.
West, T. B., Nottoway, joined company January, 1861, disabled by wounds at Frayser's Farm.
Williams, W. O., Nottoway, enlisted March, 1862, killed at Gettysburg.
Williams, T. H., Nottoway, enlisted March, 1862, killed at Gaines' Mill.
Winn, G. W., Nottoway, enlisted August, 1862.
Winn, W. H., Lunenburg, enlisted March, 1862, wounded at Sharpsburg.

RECAPITULATION.

Captains—whole number, 4; killed in battle, 1; wounded in battle, 1.

Lieutenants—whole number, 7; killed in battle, 1; wounded in battle, 4.

Sergeants—whole number, 10; killed in battle, 2; wounded in battle, 8.

Corporals—whole number, 8; killed in battle, 4; wounded in battle, 3.

Privates—whole number, 114; killed in battle, 20; wounded in battle, 31; died in service, 20.

Totals—whole number, 143; killed in battle, 28; wounded in battle, 47; died in service, 20.

Total killed, wounded and died in service, 95.*

Of the soldiers of 1861 and 1862, who fought during the war, only five escaped unhurt.

Died since the war, to August, 1878—7.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS OF REGIMENTAL OFFICERS IN REGARD TO COMPANY G.

[Col. R. E. Withers, United States Senator from Virginia.]

WYTHEVILLE, Va., July 5, 1877.

Capt. RICHARD IRBY:

My Dear Sir,—I am glad to hear of the proposed re-union of Company G on the 21st inst., and if I can so arrange my matters as to be present, will do myself that pleasure. I should enjoy it very much, I know. I must say that your old company seems the only one in the Regiment which appreciates properly the important duty of preserving the names and memories of their fallen comrades. Would that all the others would do likewise, and then the Regimental and Brigade organizations would inevitably follow. Should anything prevent me from meeting my old comrades, be pleased to present to them my kindest regards and undying respect, as the survivors of a company which never failed in the hour of trial, and was always "to be depended on."

Truly, your friend,

R. E. WITHERS.

[Col. H. A. Carrington.]

CHARLOTTE C. H., VA., August 15, 1878.

My Dear Captain,—Please accept my thanks for the kind invitation to attend the re-union of Company G, 18th Va. Infantry. I shall try to get my matters ready to be able to be with you in

* This expresses casualties only in part, as it was impossible to get reports, and many were wounded more than once.

person. Rest assured that my heart will be with you and the noble survivors of one of the truest and most gallant companies which fought through the late war. My best love to them all.

Most truly, yours,

H. A. CARRINGTON.

[Lieut. Col. G. C. Cabell, Member of Congress from Virginia.]

DANVILLE, VA., July 12, 1877.

My Dear Captain,—If I can do so, it will, I assure you, give me great pleasure to be with you and the survivors of your old company on the 21st. I remember with more than kindness the officers and men, my old comrades, of the Nottoway Grays, and whilst I sorrow with those who mourn for the gallant dead, my heart goes out in sympathy and kindness for the survivors of that noble band of Virginia braves, whose gallant deeds reflected undimmed honor on their county, their State, their country and her cause. Should I not be present, you will please remember me in great kindness to our "old comrades," and wish them for me, much health and happiness, and many returns of their annual re-union. Yours most truly,

GEO. C. CABELL.

[From Adjutant (Rev.) Richard Ferguson, Member of Virginia Annual Conference.]

NORTH GARDEN, ALBEMARLE CO., VA., July 14, 1877.

Capt. IRBY:

My Dear Friend,—Your postal, requesting my attendance at the re-union of the surviving members of the old company, to be held near Blacks and Whites on the 21st of July, an anniversary so memorable and historic to us, has been received. I regret exceedingly my inability to be present on that occasion. My Quarterly Meeting will take place on that day, and many pressing interests of the Church imperatively demand my presence and personal attention.

Say to my old comrades, I would like to be there to see them and show how fondly memory cherishes their names and faces, and the affection I still bear them. I would like to be there to talk with them face to face of the memorable days and deeds of the past, to call over the roll of our dead heroes and speak of their virtues. I would like to speak a word in memory of *John J. Reese*, our first martyr to the cause at Manassas; of *John H. Gill*, Sergeant of Ambulance Corps, killed at Frazier's Farm, and *James C. Gill*, Sergeant-Major of the Regiment, mortally wounded at Gettysburg, both intimate friends and the companions of my youth; of *Horace H. Foster*, noble christian soldier, who fell likewise at Gettysburg; of *Goodwyn Malone*, a plain, good man, and no better soldier, with whom I had been acquainted from early youth, who was mortally wounded at Gaines' Mill. These being from Dinwiddie, and the fact that I am probably better acquainted with the circumstances of their death than any other member of

the company, would naturally make me speak of them. I believe my brother Sam and myself are the only surviving members from Dinwiddie, unless George W. Jones be still alive.

But I could not stop here—I would like to speak of *Captain Connally*, our first leader; of *Archer Campbell*, afterwards Captain; of *A. D. Crenshaw;* of *Garland Sydnor;* of the *Orgains*, of Lunenburg, who fell at Gaines' Mill; of the brave youth, *Ovid Williams*, and others who were killed or died either during or since the war.

Say to them also, I would like to be there to pray with them once more, and exhort them to love God and serve Him as faithfully as they did their country.

Say to the bereaved families and friends of our dead, I would like to be there to mingle my tears with theirs, and devise measures, if possible, by which we may hand down the names of our comrades to our children and children's children to the remotest generation.

May High Heaven smile upon the occasion, and bless all the surviving members of the old company, and render it one of permanent good to all who may be privileged to attend! In conclusion, permit me, along with others who may be necessarily absent, to ask a kind remembrance of all of you.

Yours truly and sincerely,

RICHARD FERGUSON.

ANECDOTES AND INCIDENTS.

While the soldiers' life, during active service, was one of great privation, suffering and danger, still, by a wise provision of nature, it was nevertheless not devoid of its lights to cheer its shadows. The camp fire was often the scene of hilarity and fun, which contrasted strongly with the severer scenes of war. Some few incidents and anecdotes will be given here, especially connected with Company G.

SOL. BROWN AND THE SURGEON.

A notable fellow was Sol. He was known all over the Regiment, as the man who caught nearly every squirrel that was ever started in or near camp, in a way no one ever attempted but himself. He would catch him by the nape of the neck and then kill him. Though one of the smallest of the men, he seldom ever fagged in body or spirits. His humor was inexhaustible.

Seeing some of the men of the Regiment drawing some delicacies, which in the early part of the war were given out by the Surgeon, and thinking he was *as sick* as some of them really were, Sol. walked up to the Surgeon's tent one morning, when the following colloquy took place:

"Doctor, I've come around to see you, to get you to do something for me. I am mighty poorly, doctor, mighty poorly."

"What's ailing you, sir? You don't look like there is anything the matter with you."

"Yes, doctor, but I am mighty poorly. I am sick about this time every day. Please do something for me."

"Well! what is the matter with you? You look as hard as a *light-wood knot.* I say! what's the matter?"

"I have got the *glimpses*, sir!"

"The glimpses! whoever heard of such a disease? What is the glimpses?"

"Well, sir! I keep seeing things and I can't get 'em."

With this, the doctor made for him, but Sol. gave him the "*glimpses*" and was soon in his quarters telling his mess how he fooled the doctor.

SOL. AND THE GENERALS.

During the early part of the first Maryland Campaign, the wagon train of a notable Bull Run hero got mixed up some way with our Brigade, contrary to Gen. Lee's orders, which caused the whole line to halt for hours. Col. H., commanding our Brigade, meeting the General aforesaid, remonstrated with him about the matter. The General, who had had no good will towards the Colonel since the battle of Leesburg, got furious, and quite a quarrel ensued. Sol., always scenting such things from afar, was on hand, and was looking on with as much interest as a little boy at a dog fight. After waiting to see if words would be all, he sang out, "*Fight! fight! you a'int no kin!*" and put out for his place, fearing his rashness might get him into the guard-house.

HAMMOCK.

All the men knew who Hammock was, though this name was not on the rolls. Many a poor fellow, who otherwise would never have "smole a smile," could not resist Hammock. He was the life of the company on the march and round the camp fire, cheering all by his song and humor. Sometimes, however, he was not to be heard *much*!

A new man, who had just come in, was much taken with Hammock, and never tired of his jokes and fun. He had been in camp but a few days when the battle of Fredericksburg commenced. While lying in line of battle for hours on the first day, the recruit missed Hammock's usual flow of talk, and asked some one lying near "where's that fellow Hammock? I have not heard a word from him to-day." Hammock overheard him and explained thus—"On sich occasions as this, Hammock has *nary word* to say."

Lest some might suppose he was *scary*, it is here said to his credit that a better soldier than he was seldom found.

HAMMOCK AND THE GEORGIAN.

Returning to the Regiment, after a long confinement at home from a wound received at Gaines' Mill, Hammock was eating his dinner on the Winchester pike. A long, lank Georgia soldier passing by was attracted by the chicken Hammock was eating. He walked around, eyeing the chicken as wistfully as a dog does a bone, and said, "Whare you get that chicken?" Hammock said, "Up the pike a little way." "What you give for that chicken?" "Twenty-five cents!" "Twenty-five cents for a chicken! This the meanest country ever I see! Way down in Georgia, where I live, I can get as many chickens as I want for four-pence a head." "Four-pence a head! I would not give four-pence for the head of any chicken I ever saw."

The Georgian walked off, doubtful whether Hammock was poking fun at him or in earnest.

HAMMOCK AND THE CONSCRIPT.

Once, as Company G was returning from Danville, where it had been to guard a lot of Federal prisoners, some where between Danville and Burkeville, the Home Guard brought in a conscript, weighing about 200 pounds, more or less, consigned to Camp Lee, Richmond.

He was followed to the train by several females—probably his wife and daughters—and the scene would have melted the heart of any ordinary man, but it did not so affect Hammock. The conscript was in tears, and giving free vent to his grief at leaving, and the folly of carrying such a man as he into service. As he took a seat in front of Hammock, he sobbingly said, "I don't see what they are carrying me to the army for, I can't do any good there."

Hammock consolingly replied—"Oh yes! my friend, I think you can do a *great deal* of good—I have been in the army myself."

This seemed to spring a fresh flood of tears, and he began to *bohoo* like a big baby. Turning to Hammock, he feelingly addressed him, "I ain't no account, and I ain't gwine to be no account, and I ain't gwine to shoot nobody neither. Now, what account would *I* be?

Hammock still disposed to console the almost desperate man, replied, "Oh yes! my friend, you might be of great service—you might stop a bullet that would kill a better man."

This was a view of the subject the conscript had never taken, and he subsided.

THE OLD SOLDIER.

Company G had one "old soldier." Alas! though he never went in reach of bullets from the enemy, he nevertheless got

"Dutch courage" enough long after the war to attack a man, and was killed in the melee. He might have been a better man, but for taking fits of this species of "courage" too often. A more *peaceable* man never lived, when he was sober, and he was withal kind, and generous, too. "Alas! alas! my poor brother!"

The nearest this "old soldier" ever got to the Yankees during the war was on this wise:

Company G was down at Brandemore Castle, near Munson's Hill, about six miles from Washington city, soon after the first battle of Manassas. One night the company was stretched for nearly a mile, squads of four men being stationed about one hundred yards apart, the Commandant of the company as near the centre as possible. About ten o'clock at night the Lieutenant in command heard a cow-bell in the woods which lay between the picket lines. This bell, in such a place, and at such a time, as it seemed to move in a direction towards a lane leading to a house, which was said to be visited by "Fed." and "Confed." excited his suspicions. It might be followed by a scouting party. Resolving to balk such a game, he took with him the squad nearest to him, and moved them down to the lane between the wood and the house aforesaid. Putting two of the most reliable men into a corner of the fence, he ordered them not to fire until the scouting party got fully up. Taking the "old soldier" and another man, he stationed them about thirty steps distant from the fence, with orders to come up as if they were a reserve, in case the men at the fence should fire. Taking his place midway between the two parties he waited. Slowly like an old cow browzing as she came, moved the bell-party. "*Ting-a-ling*"—"*ting-a-ling*"—"*ting-a-ling.*" Then, as if caught by a bush, the bell would "*tinkle-tinkle-tinkle*"—but on, nearer and nearer it came. Those who have been in such a scrape may realize the suspense of such a moment, but no one else could. But nearer, nearer and nearer The bell is almost up! Bang! bang! went the fence men's guns—and almost simultaneously went the guns of the "old soldier" and his companion—but fired, not at the Yankees, but up in the air. So outraged was the Lieutenant with the action of his "reserve force," that for the time he forgot the "bell-cow" and fell to abusing them at a sound rate, during which time the "bell-cow" and followers retreated in such bad order that they forgot to ring their bell for an half an hour or more, when, *ting-a-ling! ting-a-ling!* it was heard again away over in the woods going towards Washington. The men in the corner of the fence, as gallant and true men as any in the army, said they obeyed orders and did not fire till they were sure they were firing at Yankees. But so it was that next morning we could not see where either blood or milk was spilt.

A TOUCHING SCENE.

At the same picket-post where the above related incident occurred, the next day the same Lieutenant witnessed a scene which, at the time, made him realize the horrors of war in a manner he had never experienced before. A more beautiful or lovelier day never smiled on this green earth than the one on which this incident occurred.

From one point on the line, we could see the Yankee pickets through an opening in the woods. They showed their belligerent spirit—not by firing at us, as was common at other points—but by mounting a section of *stove-pipe* on wheels and threatening us with grape or shell. The sham could not be detected except by the aid of glasses, which a party of scouters brought along that morning. After examination with the glasses for awhile, they tried the metal of the threatening-tube with their long-range Maynard rifles. A few fires with these brought a response from a real rifle gun, which for some time continued to send over towards us its whizzing shells. This put the whole line in commotion, and soon some of our own pieces unlimbered near by and replied. Before this began, the occupants of a dwelling near by, a woman with a number of children—some of them "wee toddling things"—were busily digging potatoes, in ignorance of what was about to take place. The first shell that was fired passed directly over them and bursted in the air, the scattered fragments falling to the ground. It was like a clap of thunder in a clear sky. Like frightened birds, in whose midst the hawk had pounced, these terror-strickened ones fled, some to the houses near by, some to the straw stacks, leaving some so scared they feared to fly. And this is war!

THE "OLD SOLDIER"—AGAIN.

"He jumps from the frying pan into the fire."

The "old soldier" liked to take *his* "sweetened." But away off in the lines he found it hard to get it with or without "sweetning." But General Johnston was falling back towards Richmond in April, 1862, and the roads were very muddy and marching very hard, and the route unfortunately was *via* Louisa Courthouse, where the mud was extra deep and where the "tangle-leg tea" always did tangle people's legs very badly. Here the "old soldier" had lived in days before the war, and here he got the "tea" with "sweetning" in it, all of which so "tangled" his legs that he could not wade through that mud aforesaid any farther. So he fell out of line, and Company G went through all the Yorktown campaign and came back to Richmond, and through all the battles of the spring and early summer without this "old soldier." Now and then some doubtful tidings would come that he was still alive, but no one could certainly say where he was or how he was.

About the first of August of that year, the Captain with Lieutenant Muse was sitting in front of his tent one morning, when who should come up but this same "old soldier," walking slowly and guiding his steps with a stick in regular "old soldier style." The Captain said, "Why, old man! we are glad to see you, we did not know whether you were dead or alive—where have you been since April?

"I've been down to Camp Winder Hospital lately—but I am not going there any more. I'll die in the ranks before I let them doctors get hold of me again."

"Why! what did they do to you?"

"Oh! they physicked me and they cut me, and leeched me and cupped me, and I don't know what they didn't do to me. I tell you, sir, I ain't going to let them doctors get hold of me again! I'll die first. Why, sir, I laid down in the shade the other day, and the first thing I knew, they had me, carrying me to the "dead-house."

"Well, old man, what can I do for you to-day? The sergeant will have to report you for duty unless you can get the surgeon to certify you unfit for service."

"No, sir. No surgeon for me any more! I'll stick to my word and die in the ranks before any surgeon shall have anything to do with me. I want you to give me a discharge from service."

"A discharge! How can I do that?"

"Well, sir, I am over thirty-five years of age and am entitled to a discharge."

"Sergeant, bring me the Roll! Let us see his age. Here it is; '——— ———, April 20th, 1861. Age 29.' How is that? You reported your age about a year ago 29, and now you are over 35. That is getting to be '*old* soldier' very fast indeed."

"Oh! as to that, when I put my age down I didn't know it made any difference what I put down. But, Captain, my father and mother know I am over 35."

"That is rather lame, old man. Unless you get the surgeon to help you, you will have to go to duty till your father and mother can make oath you are over age."

"No, sir. No surgeon for me! I have no more use for doctors. I must go to duty and do the best I can."

Here Lieutenant Muse said:

" 'Old man' how many battles have you ever been in?"

"I ain't been in any yet."

"Then you have been a dead expense to the Confederacy."

The "old soldier" went to duty and hung on till he got to Gordonsville, where his father and mother made the necessary oath as to his age, and he went home, a happier, if not a better man.

But, alas! for human expectations—"there is many a slip," &c.—Congress put the notch up to forty, and soon the Conscript officers had the "old soldier" in tow. He had not forgotten what

Lieutenant Muse said, and when the officers took him, he said, "It ain't worth while to carry me into service again, for Lieutenant Muse said when I was in before "I was a *dead expense* to the Confederacy."

But go he must, and he went to Camp Lee. It was said, with how much truth this deponent saith not, that he got a *detail*—to repair the post officers' watches.

LUMP CLARK'S OPINION OF DOCTORS.

Who that has ever been in a field hospital the night of a battle, will ever forget it?

The night of the 30th August, 1862, the date of the second battle of Manassas, brought the Captain of Company G and his old mess-mate, Dick Ferguson, together in a place and manner they had never experienced before. They had just been brought into the field hospital near the Pike, after jolting in the ambulance over a way where the wheels struck sharp stones as many times at each turn as there were spokes in them. They were in a bad fix, but who ever was in so bad a fix that no one was in a worse? There was a poor 18th man shot in the head, with a cracked skull, talking about home, and the battle, and his sweet-heart, and "everything by turns, but nothing long." His was a hopeless case, so they let him talk, to give attention to others whose cases were not so bad, and many such—many, alas!—there were that night.

Late at night Lump Clark, of Company G, was brought in, with hand completely shattered by a Minie ball—causing suffering more intense, possibly, than any other wound could produce. He could get no alleviation for such a case but nature's, and hence mourned and groaned, as well he might, under his painful affliction, and so many were sympathizers with him (for they were fellow-sufferers with him), they did not object or remonstrate at the annoyance. Not so an impatient young "sawbones." Stopping close to Lump, he scolded him harshly, saying, "What are you keeping all this *to do* here for, man? You are disturbing every body in the hospital."

Looking half contemptuously and somewhat fiercely up at the man, Lump said, "I wouldn't give *grunting* for all the physic *you* have got." And he went on grunting, and the surgeon departed quite *disgruntled.*

SABRE VERSUS BAYONET.

At the battle of Sailor's Creek, when Pickett's Division made its last fight, an encounter occurred too remarkable to be left unrecorded. The men of the 18th Regiment were fighting bravely the enemy in their front, when they were suddenly and unexpectedly attacked by Sheridan's cavalry coming up in their rear.

Private R. L. Hurt, one of the veterans of Company G, was busily loading and firing his gun, when a cavalryman came up on him and struck at him with his sabre, which, fortunately for Hurt, was warded off by his hat. Quick as thought he rose, and turning around, he stuck his bayonet into the man on the horse, who immediately turned and fled. Before he rode far Hurt saw him fall and supposed he was mortally wounded. Just then he and his comrades were surrounded and all taken prisoners.

This account is given by as reliable a man as was in the Regiment.

RELIGION IN Co. G.

From the morning the Company met in the Presbyterian church at Nottoway Court-house the day of its departure for Richmond, the company assembled daily at the Captain's quarters for prayer, which was conducted by him or some one of the officers or men, many of whom were professed christians. As stated in the sketch, three of the company since the war have become ministers, viz: Richard Ferguson, J. E. Barrow and C. Evers. Two others would have been, had their lives been spared, viz: E. Garland Sydnor and A. Dibrell Crenshaw. They were studying for the ministry at the time the war broke out.

Profanity and drunkenness were indulged in by few, if any, of those who made no profession of religion. This state of morality may not have induced, altogether, the order and decorum so observable in the command, but so it was that the present writer, who was in command of the company for nearly two years, never had the occasion to punish but one man by imprisonment, and his offence was not one involving moral delinquency. This high moral standard of the men made the duties of the officers light, compared to what they would have been under other circumstances.

FIRST EXPERIENCE UNDER FIRE.

It has often been discussed whether any man is free from fear under fire in battle.

The writer recollects overhearing a comparison of experiences on this subject, between two of the most spirited and brave

young men of Company G—men who could, under fire themselves, deliberately take their guns from their shoulders because they did not get as good aim as they wanted. He saw one of them do so at Williamsburg.

The conversation occurred a few days after the first Manassas battle, and was about this, in substance:

"Well, Muse, how did you feel on the field, when the shells began to burst and throw dust all over us, and the Minies began to sing?"

"To tell you the truth, John (Gill), a battle is not just what I had thought it. I was really anxious and curious to get into one, knowing it was certain to come; but I believe if the Yankees are satisfied now, I would rather not go into another. It is no child's play, but a serious matter indeed—to see men falling around you, and it may be, yourself the next to go into eternity."

"Those were my thoughts exactly! But for the *hereafter* I would not have minded it so much—but, oh! that hereafter! I have had enough of battle, if matters can be settled honorably now."

To the unthinking or the fatalist, such apprehensions as that expressed may not be known. To any others, nothing but duty to one's "God, to country and truth" could nerve him for the ordeal. Moved by such an impulse, the naturally timid might be the bravest. It is a well known fact that men who were *bullies* at home were generally the greatest cowards in battle.

APPENDIX.

A number of mistakes have been observed by myself and others which, in the more permanent form the *Historical* Sketch will now assume, will be corrected as far as possible.

Page 19, T. J. Gunn, reported *as killed*, should read *wounded* at Gaines' Mill.

Page 33, T. A. Orgain should have been numbered among the sergeants. He was the *first* man of the company who was killed, and not his brother, E. C. Orgain, as stated on page 36. The latter was the second killed.

Page 34, John Campbell's residence, Lunenburg county, so also, J. Deshazor's and A. L. Davis'; residence of J. W. Bell and L. C. Edwards, Danville, Va.; of P. H. and P. S. Coleman and J. W. Crowder, Amelia county.

Page 35, residence of W. Fowlkes, Nottoway county; Haynie Hatchett, Lunenburg county, Va., enlisted April, 1861, wounded at First Manassas, died ——, 1861.

Page 36, residence of G. W. Moore, Lunenburg; H. Overby enlisted May, 1861, instead of March, 1862.

Page 37, residence of B. Russell, Lunenburg; J. H. Snead, of Lunenburg, enlisted 1864.

These changes will affect the recapitulation slightly—making sergeants, 11; killed, 3; privates, 116; total of officers and men, 145.

For these corrections, I am mainly indebted to First Sergeant R. B. Seay.

After considerable trouble and delay, I have procured copies from the photographs of nearly all the officers of the company, more or less perfect, as the picture copied was good or bad. I trust this group, with the *best* likeness extant of our noble leader, Gen. Robert E. Lee, on the front page, will be duly appreciated and approved.

And now, surviving comrades of Company G, I have linked your names and mine with the heroes who died at their country's call, whose memories a grateful posterity will not suffer to die. My task—a labor of love—is done. Farewell!

RICHARD IRBY.

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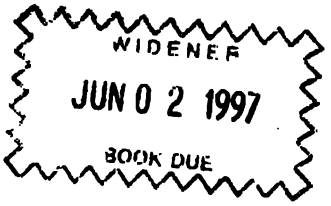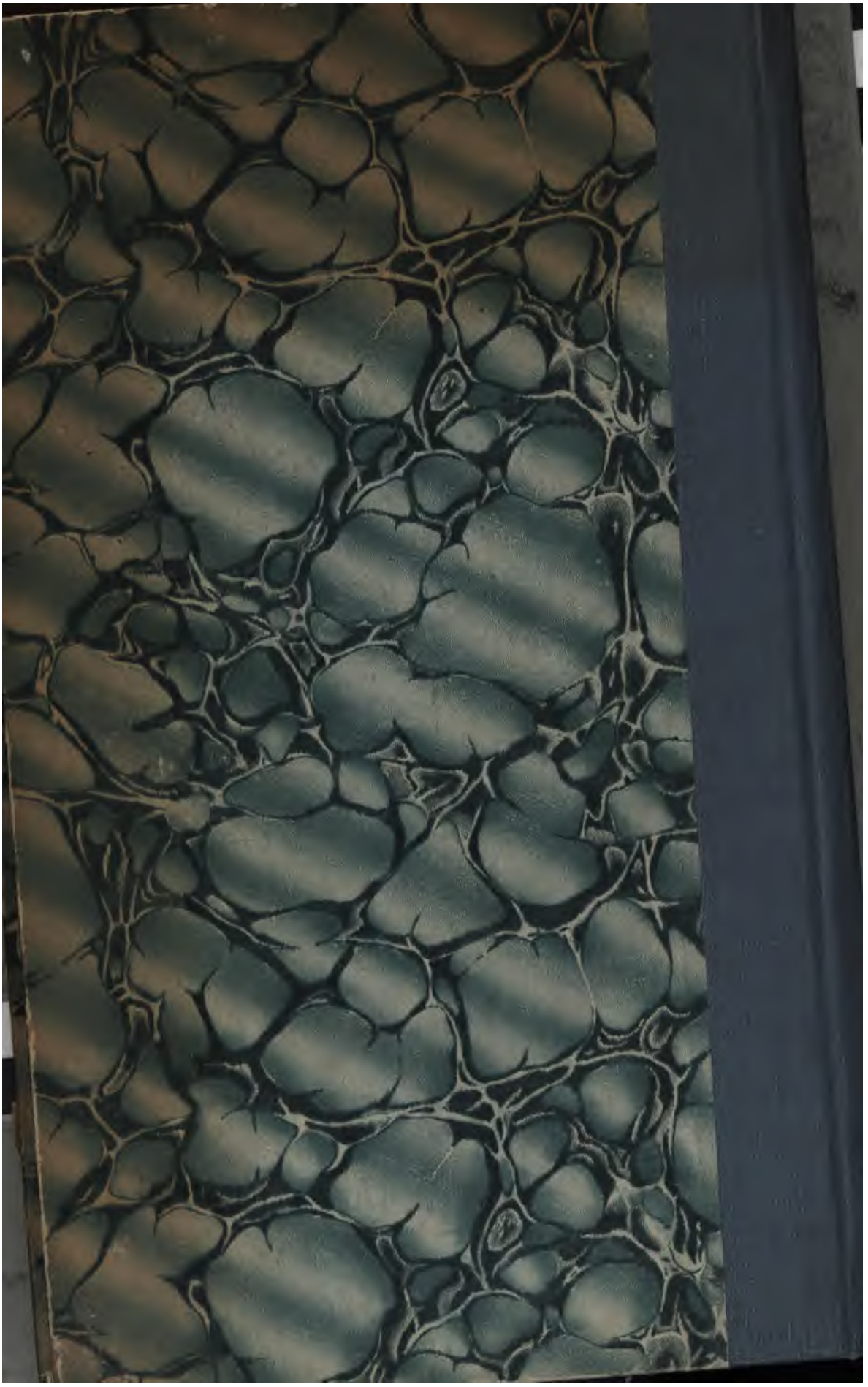
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